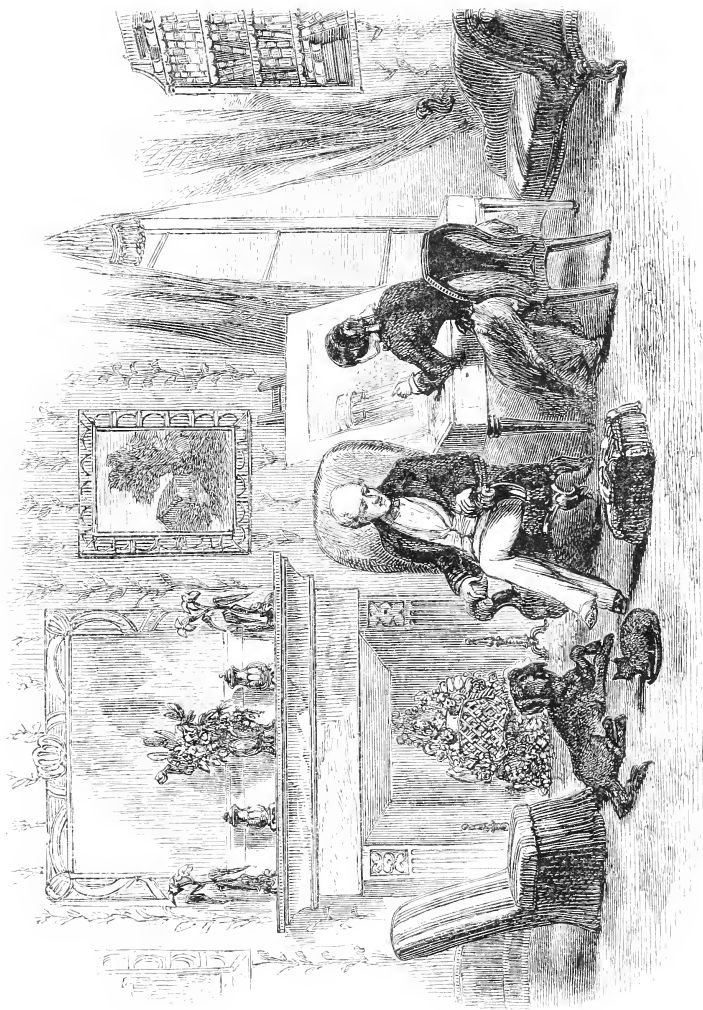


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VICLA AT HOME.

HARPER'S STORY BOOKS.

A SERIES OF NARRATIVES, DIALOGUES, BIOGRAPHIES, AND TALES,
FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT
OF THE YOUNG.

BY

JACOB ABBOTT.

Embellished with

NUMEROUS AND BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year one thousand eight hundred
and fifty-four, by

HARPER & BROTHERS,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

VIOLA

AND

HER LITTLE BROTHER ARNO.



NEW YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year one thousand eight hundred
and fifty-seven, by

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P R E F A C E.

YOU will learn from the story of Viola and Arno, if you read it aright, that when, in the course of life, calamities, whether seeming or real, come upon us, we are not to allow ourselves to be discouraged and cast down, and to yield to despondency and gloomy forebodings, but are to keep up a good heart, and, while we are vigilant and faithful in doing all that there is for us to do, not to refuse the enjoyment of the pleasures that still remain to us from regret and chagrin on account of those that are lost, or from anxiety and distress on account of those which we fear are in danger of being lost. We ought to be circumspect, prudent, and vigilant at all times in doing what we can to avert misfortune, but when we have once done our duty, or are conscious that we are doing it, we must, so far as is possible, dismiss all care and anxiety from our minds. We are always wrong when we reject the sources of happiness that still remain to us, from a useless repining after those which God in his providence has seen fit to take away.



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VIOLA AND ARNO.

CHAPTER I.

PIERRE AND HIS CHILDREN.

Blind Father Pierre.

His contented disposition.

VIOLA was a little Savoy girl. Savoy is a country among the Alps. Viola lived there among the mountains with her father and her little brother Arno till she was about nine years old, and then she came with her father and Arno to Paris.

Viola's father was blind; but he was not unhappy on that account. On the contrary, his heart was full of joy and gladness, and he was as merry as a lark all the day long. This made every body like him, and he got along a great deal better in the world than he would have done if he had been melancholy and gloomy. In that case, people would sometimes have given him a little money out of compassion, but they would have all wished to have as little to do with him as possible, and would have been glad to have him go on away from their town to the next, so as to get him out of their sight.

But, by being cheerful, contented, and happy, and always making merry with the children, and with every body else that was ready for a laugh, he made himself so agreeable that they all liked

He is a universal favorite.His various accomplishments.



PIERRE.

to have him stay among them, and they used to keep him as long as they could, in order to hear the music that he made, and the funny stories that he told. His name was Pierre.

Besides making music and telling stories, Pierre knew how to do various other things. He could make baskets, and mend rakes, and sharpen knives, and perform various other services of this

Pierre forms a plan of going to Paris.Conversation with his banker.

sort. The people of the village paid him money for these things, and, as they gave him all that he required to eat and drink besides, he saved all his money, and gave it to a banker to keep in one of the large towns.

The banker not only kept the money safe which Father Pierre left with him from time to time, but he added the interest to it, which made the amount increase still faster, so that, after a while, old Father Pierre, as the children called him, began to be quite rich—that is, I mean quite rich for a poor old blind man.

After a while, Pierre conceived the idea of going with his children to Paris. He mentioned his plan to the banker.

“Ah! yes,” said the banker, “that is the best thing that you can do. Paris is the place for men of genius.”

“Why, as for me,” said Pierre, “I can get along any where, but I thought I could do better for the children in Paris than I can in the country. I can get better places for them as they grow up.”

“That’s very true,” replied the banker; “you can, I have not a doubt. And you’ll take your money with you, of course?”

“Yes,” said Pierre, “I can carry it in a leather bag.”

“And what will you do with it when you get there?” asked the banker.

“I will put it into the Savings’ Bank,” replied Pierre, “and then draw it out as I want it.”

“I’ll tell you a better plan than that,” said the banker. “I’ll give you a draft, or a bill of exchange, on a banker in Paris, and then you will only have a piece of paper to carry instead of a

His banker's advice.

The bill of exchange.

Viola's signature.

heavy bag of gold. Then, when you get to Paris, you will go to the banker's, and he will take the bill and open an account with you, and he will pay you your money whenever you want it, without any trouble. There are some ceremonies and formalities about the savings' banks which would make it not quite so convenient for you."

Pierre said that he would like that plan very much, so the banker proceeded to draw the bill of exchange.

"You can write enough to sign your name, I suppose?" said the banker, looking up to Pierre from the desk where he was making ready the bill of exchange.

"No," said Pierre, "not a letter. Viola does all my writing for me."

"Then I will make the bill of exchange payable to her order," said the banker. "And you must bring Viola here to write her name for me, to send to Paris by post, in order that the banker there may have her signature."

So Pierre brought Viola to the banker's the next day, and she wrote her name on a slip of paper to be sent to Paris by post.

"Now," said the banker, "if you lose this bill of exchange, there will be no harm done; because, you see, suppose you lose it, and somebody finds it, or suppose it is stolen away from you, and the person who gets it carries it to the banker to call for the money, he would have to take some girl with him to stand for Viola. Very well; when he goes in and presents the bill, the banker will say, 'Where is Viola?' so he will point to the girl that he has taken in with him, and will say, 'This is Viola.' Then the bank-

Precautions against fraud.The plan is approved.

er will give the girl pen, ink, and paper, and will ask her to write her name ; so she will try, and, after she has written it, she will hand the paper to the banker, and he will compare it with this that I am going to send him by post. He will see at once that it is not the same handwriting, and so will know that they are impostors ; and thus, instead of paying them the money, he will send them off to prison."

"Good!" said Pierre ; "that will settle it all up nicely so far as they are concerned, but it would not help me any about getting my money ; and then suppose I *lose* the paper somehow or other, how should I get my money in that case?"

"Ah! if you lose the bill," said the banker, "you must let Viola write back to me, and tell me how it is, and the next day I would send you on a duplicate of your bill of exchange, and that would make it all right."

"It is a very good plan, Viola, don't you think it is?" said Pierre.

"Yes, father," said Viola, "I think it is an excellent plan ; and I'll try to remember how I write my name on that piece of paper, so as to write it exactly the same when I get to the banker's at Paris."

"Oh, don't trouble yourself about that," said the banker ; "you can't write your name so differently, even if you try, but that they will know there that it is the same handwriting."

The business being thus all arranged, Pierre took his bill of exchange, and, after folding it up carefully, he put it in his pocket, and then Viola led him away out of the office.

Setting out on the journey.

Pierre's flageolet.

The seat by the fountain.

A few days afterward Pierre and his two children set out on the journey to Paris.

They were many days on the road, and they met with a great variety of pleasant adventures, which, however, can not here be described. It was in the summer season of the year, and the country was delightful, and as every thing was new to Viola and Arno, and as they traveled by very easy journeys, they enjoyed themselves very much by the way.

Besides his bill of exchange, Pierre had several pieces of gold and plenty of silver in his pocket, so that he was not at all dependent on what he should earn by the way for the means of paying the expenses of the journey. But he took his flageolet with him, and he stopped at all the villages that he came through to play to the children, and to tell them amusing stories. In compensation for this, the people sometimes gave him and his children their supper, and a place to sleep at night, and sometimes they paid him money.

Pierre, however, did not in any case ask for charity, nor would he have accepted any if it had been offered him. At one time he arrived with the children, in the edge of the evening, at a small hamlet, and, being a little tired, they all sat down to rest upon a smooth stone bench near a fountain in the street. Just then, a laboring man, who was looking out at a window, saw them; so he called out to his wife,

"Jeannotte! Jeannotte! here's a poor man out here. Hunt about, and see if you can't find something to give him to eat."

"Where?" said Pierre, calling out to the laborer in a merry

A friendly gathering.

Arrival at Paris.

The City.

voice. "Where is the poor man? Send him here to me, and I'll give him some money, and then he can go and buy him a supper."

So saying, Pierre took a handful of money out of his pocket, and jingled it so that all the people about there could hear, and then laughed aloud at the joke in such a merry manner that all the other people laughed too, and began to gather around him. In the end, he made a great many friends in that village.

After a time, Pierre and the children arrived safely at Paris. As soon as they entered the town the children were amazed at the magnificence and splendor of the scenes which met their view on every side. Pierre himself had been in Paris before, so that the spectacle was not new to him, but he enjoyed very much the astonishment and delight manifested by the children.

"We'll go at once to the City," said Pierre; "I am going to take a lodging in the City."

The word City, as applied to Paris, does not include the whole place, but only a certain small portion of it which is situated upon an island in the River Seine. This island, though small in comparison with the whole of Paris, is absolutely pretty large. It is so large that there are not less than twelve bridges all around, that lead from it to the main land. It is so completely occupied, too, with lofty buildings, and so crowded with traffic of every kind, that a person, when walking in any of the streets of it, would not imagine that he was upon any island at all.

Besides the great number of stores, shops, dwelling-houses, manufactories, and other private edifices in the City, there is an

The public edifices on the island.Advantage of lodging in the City.

immense and very ancient cathedral there, called the Cathedral of Notre Dame. There is also a vast hospital, containing thousands of beds, arranged in long galleries and in suites of apartments without end, where sick people are carried from all parts of the town, and taken care of until they get well, or else until they die. You must remember about this great hospital, for it will be spoken of again hereafter in this story.

There were two reasons why Pierre concluded to seek a lodging in the City. One was because the City was very centrally situated, with many bridges, and quays lining the banks of the river, and broad, open streets all around it. From these bridges very extended views were to be obtained of the banks of the river, with many broad avenues, and open squares, and magnificent palaces and gardens bordering them on either hand. It is true that Pierre himself could not see any of these things, but he was pleased to have the children see them in going to and from their home. Besides, there was no danger of their losing their way in such a part of Paris as this; for, wherever they were, they could take in the whole scene, bridges, quays, palaces, gardens, and all, at one view.

“Do you see those two large square towers rising up above all the rest of the buildings on the island?” said Pierre to the children, when they had come out into view of the river.

“Yes, father,” said Viola.

“Those are the towers of Notre Dame,” said Pierre. “We shall have a lodging pretty near them. So, whenever you get lost, first find the river; then, when you come in sight of the riv-

A landmark.

Looking for apartments.

Front doors in Paris.

er, look for the towers of Notre Dame. Then you can go straight home."

"Yes, father," said Arno, "we will."

Pierre and the children crossed one of the bridges and reached the island. They immediately entered a street, which, though it was really wide, seemed narrow on account of the immense height of the houses on each side of it. They walked along this street a little way, and then turned into another. Pierre directed the way, inquiring from Viola, from time to time, for the names of the streets, which she could read at the signs upon the corners.

"Now," said Pierre at last, "we have got pretty near the neighborhood of the church. Look out for apartments to let. Whenever you see a little sign up with 'Apartments to let' upon it, tell me."

So the children began to look about, and they soon found quite a number of such signs. The front doors of all the houses were level with the street, and they were all open, so that you could look into the lower hall in passing along the street. Many of these doors were large and double, like the gates of a town, and, instead of a hall, they opened into a paved passage-way, leading in through an arch to an open court within.

You would think, perhaps, that if the front doors of houses in Paris were kept thus always open, thieves might go in and out when they pleased, and that thus nothing in the house would be safe. But this danger is guarded against by the porter. There is always a porter to a French house. He lives in a little room on the lower floor, at the end of the hall of entrance, and at the

Description of the porter's lodge.	The porter's duties.	The entresol.
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foot of the grand staircase. His room is very small, but there is a table in it, and a chair, and a bureau, and across the back end of it a bed, and in the front a small stove. The room is so small that the bed takes up nearly half of it. Besides the window which lets in the light, there is another small one which opens on the hall or staircase, so that nobody can go by to go up the stairs without the porter's seeing them.

There are usually a great number of different families and single lodgers in the houses in Paris, who live in separate suites of apartments on the different floors. Accordingly, if you wish to call and see any person in a house, you always walk directly in through the open door on the street, and pass on till you come to the porter's lodge. The porter is always there, or his wife, or some other person to take his place. You tell him who you wish to see, and he tells you in what part of the house they live. He says, "In the *third*, to the right," meaning the third story, right-hand door, or "In the fifth, to the left," or otherwise, as the case may be. So you go up the stairs, and find the door which leads to the apartment of the person whom you wish to see by means of the direction which the porter has given you.

Sometimes a stranger in Paris is a little puzzled to know where to begin to count the stories of the house. The ground floor is never counted as a story. It is level with the street, and the front of it is occupied for shops and stores, while the back rooms are used for kitchens, servants' rooms, store-rooms, and other such purposes. Then immediately above the ground floor there is very often a low story which is called the *entresol*. The regular

Description of the next engraving.	The ground floor.	The court.
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stories of the house begin above this. You will see the entresol plainly represented in the engraving on the next page in the houses on the right.

You see the ground floor, level with the street, with doors opening into it direct from the sidewalk. The one where the lady and the two children are looking at the parrot is an example of the double doors which I have already spoken of. But the passageway that they open into, which leads into the interior of the house, is more like a little street than like the hall of a dwelling. Instead of a floor, it is usually paved with stone, so that carriages can drive in, and there is a little sidewalk for foot-passengers on either hand.

The place where the horses turn to come out again is in a small square court inside, with the buildings of the house all around it. Sometimes there are two or three of these courts, one within the other, with arched passages by which carriages can go out and in, thus giving considerable space within the house, in which the carriages can drive about. This is when the houses are very large, and cover a great deal of ground. In such cases as this there are a number of different staircases leading up from different parts of the courts to the stories above.

When the house does not extend so far back as to make it necessary to have courts within, then carriages do not drive in at the front door, and in such cases the people sometimes ornament the passage with trees and shrubbery, contained in boxes and tubs, and with flowers growing in flower-pots. The porter of the house represented in the engraving has got a parrot, which he keeps dur-



STREET IN PARIS.

The parrot's song.

Every body's amusement.

The hydrant.

ing the day-time at the door, where the passers-by often stop to amuse themselves with hearing him talk.

This engraving is a representation of the view from my windows in a room which I occupied for some time while writing these story-books. I used to hear the parrot singing in the summer mornings when I rose early to write. He had a very funny French song which he used to sing beginning with

"I have some first-rate snuff
In my tobacco-box."*

Almost every body that went by would stop to hear the parrot sing his song, and then they would walk on laughing. The children were so much amused that sometimes the nurses could hardly get them to go on.

Those little square and round forms that appear hanging about the doors are placards specifying what kind of apartments are to let in that house.

A little beyond the open doors where the parrot is, on the margin of the sidewalk, you see a small stone post, round at the top, and fitting flat to the wall. This is a hydrant. The water is kept running there a certain number of hours every day, and during that time the people of the neighborhood are continually coming there for water. Sometimes little children run away from home to come there and dabble in the water; and their mothers,

* The French of it is

"J'ai du bon tabac
Dans ma tabatière."

Of course, the parrot sang it in French.

Description of the entresol.Preferences of the lodgers.

who come there after them, have great difficulty in getting them away.

Immediately above the ground floor you see a range of low windows. These belong to that intermediate story, called the entresol, that I have already described. Many people who go to Paris to spend a little time like to have rooms in the entresol facing the street. There are two advantages in this: first, you do not have many stairs to climb in order to get to your rooms; and, secondly, not being very high up, you can see what is going on in the street much more conveniently than if you were in the upper stories.

People who have lived for some time in Paris, however, and who are no longer amused with what is going on in the street, usually prefer the more inner rooms of the house, namely, those that look upon the courts, as they are more quiet and retired. They also prefer rooms in the story above the entresol, for those rooms are much more lofty, and are usually better furnished than the rooms of the entresol. The story immediately above the entresol is called the first story. In America it would be very likely to be called the third.

You can see the range of windows of the first story immediately above the entresol in the engraving. Do you observe how lofty they are? They are nearly twice as high as the windows of the entresol. These rooms are just enough above the street to be in some measure free from the noise and the dust, and to receive the light well at the windows. They are also usually more handsomely furnished than the rooms above or below, and are con-

The third story balcony.

Attic rooms.

The locality of the engraving.

sequently the most expensive and desirable apartments in the house.

Above the first story you see in the engraving the windows of the second story, and above them those of the third. The third story, as it is called—it is really the fifth, counting from the ground—often has a balcony, where people who live on that floor can come out and take the air. This balcony is to save them the trouble of coming down so far to the ground. They can also, from the balcony, look down and see what is passing in the street. You see such a balcony in the second house in the engraving.

Above the third story in this house are the attics. The rooms in the attics, like those in the lower stories, are let to lodgers. Of course, these rooms are the cheapest of all. They are generally occupied by students, or seamstresses, or young clerks with small salaries, or other persons who are willing to go up high for the sake of living cheap.

The iron fence which you see in the background of the picture is the inclosure of the garden of the Tuileries, and the trees beyond it are a part of the trees of the garden. The street which passes along there is the celebrated Rue de Rivoli. There is a colonnade on one side of it, extending out to the edge of the sidewalk, where you can walk under cover for a long distance. You can see the arch where you enter under this colonnade at the end of the block of buildings in the engraving, where the lady and gentleman are coming, at the corner.

Of course, it is only a small part of these Parisian houses that is seen from the street. The main body of the house is always

The streets in Paris.

Difference between French and American houses.

back, and looks upon the courts within, which I have already described. The streets in Paris are very much farther apart than they are in American cities, and of course the spaces inclosed between them are much more extensive, and that is one reason why the houses are made so large, and extend so much farther in the rear.

The arrangement of these houses, as I have described them to you, is quite different from that which we are accustomed to see in New York. Here, the first floor, or that which is next above the basement, is considered the most genteel and desirable part of the house. Instead of an open space-way leading into an inner court, we see closely-shut front doors, and flights of stone steps, with balustrades, leading up to them. When the houses have balconies, moreover, they are usually built on the second story. In fact, on first visiting Paris, one is quite surprised at the difference he finds between French and American houses in these respects.

But now I must go back to the story, and relate how Pierre and his children got settled in their lodgings in "the City."

But for this it will be necessary to begin a new chapter.

.

The street of the Three Little Mugs.Farther search for lodgings.

CHAPTER II.

GETTING SETTLED.

THE street where Pierre and the children were walking when Viola and Arno began to look out for signs was an extremely narrow one—a mere crevice, as it were, running irregularly through a mass of lofty houses. It was called the street of the “Three Little Mugs.” The names of the streets in Paris are some of them very queer. There is the street of the Dead Tree, the street of the Good Well, the street of the Scissors, and many others. This was the street of the Three Little Mugs.

“Now, Viola,” said Pierre, “as you walk along, look into all the open doors, and when you see a hall that has a neat and pleasant appearance, we will go in.”

“That is, father,” said Viola, “provided that there is a sign up of apartments to let.”

“Yes,” said Pierre; “unless there is a sign up of an apartment to let, it is of no use to inquire.”

So Viola and Arno kept a good look-out, and presently they found a house which they thought would do.

“Lead me in, then,” said Pierre, “till you come to the porter’s lodge.”

So Viola led her father in. The floor of the hall was of stone. At the back part of it, on one side, was a door with a sash in the upper part of it. The sash part of the door was open, and through

First trial.

A talk with the porter.

Ill success.

it Viola and Arno could see an old man sitting on a small tailor's bench mending a coat. The room was very small, being not much bigger than a closet.

"Well, my good friend," said the old man, "what is it that you desire?"

"I desire a lodging," replied Pierre.

"Good!" said the porter; "but can you pay for a lodging if you get one?"

"I always pay in advance," said Pierre.

"Good!" said the porter; "that will do. And what sort of a lodging do you want?"

"I want one small room for myself and my boy, and a little closet where there can be a bed for Viola. I want it in the attic. We can all climb."

"No," said the porter, shaking his head, "I have nothing in the attic."

"And on the fourth?" asked Pierre.

"No, I have nothing on the fourth," replied the porter, "except an apartment of three rooms."

"That is too much room for us," said Pierre, "and will cost too much money."

"I am very sorry that I have nothing which will answer for you. Would you like to come into my lodge and rest yourself and the children a little before you go on?"

"No, I thank you," said Pierre. "We shall soon find a lodging, and then we shall be at home."

So they bade the porter good-by and went away.

The porter's politeness.

Second attempt.

The lady of the porter's lodge.

"He was very polite to us," said Viola to her father, as they went out into the street again.

"Yes," replied her father, "in Paris they are almost always polite. It is not necessary here that a person should appear to be rich in order to be treated with kindness and civility."

At the next house which Viola selected, the hall, instead of being paved with stone like a street, was floored, and it looked much more than the other like the entrance to a dwelling in an American town. There was a little wooden gate across the doorway on the street. Viola opened this gateway, and they all went in.

"Do you see where the porter's lodge is?" asked Pierre.

"No, father," replied Arno; "I don't believe there is any porter's lodge here."

There was a staircase at the back side of the hall, and Viola soon spied a sign over this staircase, saying, "The porter's lodge is in the entresol."

"Then we must go up stairs," said Pierre.

So the children led their father up the stairs, and at the first landing they found the lodge. The lodge, in this case, was quite a little room. There was a window in it looking out upon the court. At a table which stood before this window was seated a woman who was employed in sewing. A small child was playing upon the floor.

As soon as the woman saw Pierre and his children coming up the stairs, she rose and went to the door to meet them. She invited them to come in. Pierre, however, before accepting this invitation, asked her about her rooms, and she said that she had a

An unfortunate circumstance.

Viola becomes discouraged.

Pierre's rule of action.

chamber in the attic, with a little bedroom adjoining, that would do for them exactly.

"Only," she added, shrugging her shoulders a little, "it is occupied now; but it will be free to-morrow, if you could only wait till to-morrow."

"Ah! that is unlucky for us," replied Pierre. "We have no place to go to until we find a lodging, so we must find one to-day."

The woman said that she was very sorry, but that she could do nothing better for them than that; so Pierre and the children went away.

Viola now began to be discouraged. "I am afraid, father," she said, "that you will not find any place at all."

"Are you very tired?" asked Pierre.

"Oh no, father," said Viola, "I am not tired at all. I am only afraid that night will come and we shall not have any place to go to."

"Does not it amuse you to go into all these houses, and see the little porters' lodges and the different porters in them?" asked Pierre.

"Why yes, father," replied Viola, "it would amuse me very much if I were only sure that we should find a place to go to in the end."

"Then," rejoined Pierre, "let us have a good time now, and enjoy what we are seeing, and not look forward to to-night for the sake of finding trouble. We must never spoil a good time that we might have now by looking forward to find trouble."

The best thing to be done.

Third trial.

A gruff porter.

“Or back either,” said Arno.

“Right,” said Pierre ; “we must not look back either. Let all past troubles be forgotten, and never think of any future ones that may come upon us, any further than to do what we can to keep clear of them.”

“But, father,” said Viola, “we might not find any lodging at all.”

“Very well,” replied Pierre ; “we are doing all that we can to find one, and worrying about it won’t help us to do any more ; so have a good time, and amuse yourselves as much as you can with what you see.”

“Well, father,” said Viola, “I will.”

Whatever of anxiety remained on Viola’s mind after this conversation was soon dispelled, for at the very next house where Pierre applied they found a lodging. The porter, however, was by no means as kind and polite to them as the other porters had been. He seemed to be a shoemaker by trade ; for, at the time when Pierre and the children appeared at the window of his lodge, he was employed in mending shoes. He was an old man, with a pair of big, round-eyed spectacles upon his nose. He seemed to pay very little attention to Pierre and the children at first. He looked at them over the tops of his spectacles a moment, and then went on with his work, asking Pierre, however, at the same time, what he desired.

“I want a lodging,” said Pierre.

“No,” said the porter, “I have not got any.”

“Perhaps you think,” said Pierre, “that I am not able to pay

A statement of the case.	Stipulations.	The porter's surmises.
for a lodging; but I have got plenty of money, and will pay in advance."		

The porter stopped his work, and looked at Pierre a moment over the tops of his spectacles with a curious and inquisitive expression of countenance, and then said,

"Are you blind?"

"I've lost one pair of eyes," said Pierre, "but I have got two other pair left, and with those I can find my way about the world as well as most people."

So saying, he put his arms about his children and drew them closer to him, thus indicating that by the two pair of eyes that he had left he referred to those of Viola and Arno.

"Well, friend," said the porter, "if you are really able to pay for an apartment, and are willing to pay for it in advance, I'll tell you what I can do. I have got a chamber up under the roof, with a little closet, where there is a bed, adjoining it. You can have it for a fortnight. It is engaged after that time. But you must pay the whole fortnight in advance."

It was not true that this apartment, as the porter called it, was engaged. He only said so in order to have an excuse for sending Pierre and his children away at the end of the time for which the advance payment was to be made, in case he found that Pierre was not likely to pay punctually thereafter, or if for any other reason he found it inconvenient to have him remain.

"They are beggars," said he to himself, "I have no doubt, and somebody has given them a little money to start them in a decent lodging, but they will soon come to poverty again."

Description of the attic room.Conveniences of various kinds.

Pierre acceded to the terms which the porter made, and so they all went together up into the apartment. They were obliged to ascend four flights of stairs, besides the one which they had already come up, before they reached it.

"Well, Viola," said Pierre, as soon as they had entered the room, "what sort of a place is it?"

"It is a very nice place indeed," replied Viola. "There is a bed, and a table, and two chairs; and there is a settee with a cushion on it on one side of the room."

"Yes," said Arno; "and this settee will be just the thing for me to sleep on."

"Where is the bed?" said Pierre. "Show it to me."

So Arno, jumping off the settee, led his father to the bed. Pierre examined it carefully by feeling of it in every part.

"There is a kitchen fireplace," said the porter.

"Where?" asked Pierre. "Let me see."

"I'll show you, father," said Viola; so she led him to the place.

What the porter meant by a kitchen fireplace was a fireplace with conveniences for cooking connected with it. The fireplace itself was very small, but on one side of it there was a sort of table, formed of masonry, and in this table were set two or three little round grates for charcoal, with ash-pans below. There were also several stew-pans and kettles hanging up near, which were obviously intended to be used in cooking over these little grates. The porter opened a closet door, too, near by, and showed upon the shelves there a supply of plates, knives and forks, spoons, bowls,

Pierre examines them.

The closet bed-room.

Only two at a time.

cups and saucers, and other such articles necessary for house-keeping.

Pierre felt of these things with his hands, so far as he conveniently could, and Viola and Arno enumerated and described such things as he could not conveniently reach. When at length Pierre had thus made himself acquainted with what the closet contained, he seemed quite well satisfied.

“Good!” said he, “good! very good! And now for the room where little ducky is to sleep.”

“Ah! yes,” said the porter; “here it is.”

So saying, the porter opened a door in the back side of the room, and admitted Viola and Arno into a sort of closet, scarcely big enough for them to turn round in. There was a little window in the front side of the room, and a bed across the end at the back side. Before the window was a table, and by the table a chair, and on the side of the room a small looking-glass hanging against the wall, with a shelf under it. There was barely room for Viola and Arno to walk in between the table and the bed.

“What a cunning little place!” said Arno.

“Let me see,” said Pierre, who was at the door trying to feel his way in.

“Wait, father,” replied Arno. “You must wait a minute till Viola and I come out, and that will make room for you to come in.”

So Viola and Arno came out of the room and let their father go in. Pierre examined every thing carefully by feeling—the table, the chair, the looking-glass, the window, and particularly the bed.

Satisfaction with the arrangements.

Paying in advance.

Chimney-tops.

Strange as it may seem, he could tell very well by feeling whether a bed was nice and clean or not.

“Yes,” said he, “this will do very well—that is, if you like it, Viola.”

“I do like it, father,” said Viola. “I like it very much indeed.”

Pierre then asked the porter what the price of the room was, and the porter told him. The price was very low, on account of the room being so high.

“It is low because it is so high,” said Pierre to the porter.

“Yes,” replied the porter, laughing at Pierre’s play upon the words; “such an apartment as this would be quite high if it was low.”

So Pierre paid the price of the room for one fortnight in advance, as had been agreed upon, and then the porter went away down stairs, and left him and the children in possession.

“Let us go and look out at our windows,” said Pierre, “and see what we can see.”

So they all went back into the principal room. There were two windows. Viola and her father went to one, and Arno to the other.

“What do you see?” asked Pierre.

“Nothing but a great multitude of chimney-tops,” replied Viola.

“Is that all?” asked Pierre.

“Yes, father,” replied Viola — “chimney-tops and roofs of houses.”

The view from the window.

Watering flowers.

The cat on the roof.

"I can see some windows in the houses, a little lower down, with balconies to them," said Arno.

"Yes," added Viola, "there is one over *that* way," pointing as she spoke, "with two children out upon the balcony."

"They have got a piece of paper," said Arno; "it is tied to a long string, and they are letting it down."

"Yes, father," said Viola, "they are letting it down very far. I suppose they are playing that it is their kite."

"Only," said Pierre, "it flies down instead of up."

"I see a window," said Viola, "where there is a row of flower-pots, with flowers growing in them, on a shelf outside. Now a girl has just come to the window. She is putting back the curtains. Now she is doing something to her flowers. Now she is watering them out of a watering-pot."

"Ah! I see that we have got a fine prospect from our windows," said Pierre. "You'll see a great many things to amuse you in looking out."

"I see a cat walking on a roof, father," said Arno, eagerly. "Look! look!"

"Now watch her," said Pierre, "and see if pretty soon she does not go behind a chimney."

"No, father," replied Arno, "she has gone in at a window—an open garret window."

"I think our rooms are very pleasant indeed," said Viola.

"So do I," said Arno.

The first thing in order.

The plan about dinner.

Setting the table.

CHAPTER III.

DINNER.

“Now, children,” said Pierre, after they had opened their bundles, and had put away their things in a closet, and in a bureau which stood in a corner of the room, “the next thing is dinner. We are all hungry.”

“Then,” said Viola, “we must have a fire. The first thing in getting a dinner is to have a fire.”

“No,” said Pierre, “we will not cook our dinner to-day. We will buy it ready cooked; because, you see, we have not any charcoal yet to make a fire with. All that you will have to do, Viola, is to set the table. Arno and I will go out and buy the dinner, and bring it home.”

But Viola did not like the idea of being left at home alone. She wished to go out with her father and Arno, and see them buy the dinner.

“Besides, father,” said Viola, “if I go with you, I can help you bring the dinner home.”

“Very well,” said Pierre; “then we will wait. You may set the table first, and then we will all go out together.”

So Viola moved the table up to a pleasant place near the window, and then set the cups and saucers, and the plates, and the knives and forks, and spoons upon it. She found all these things in the closet, and she arranged them all very neatly on the table.

All ready but the dinner.

Going a marketing.

The porter's lodge again.

When this work was done, Viola told her father that the table was ready, and then they all went out together to buy the dinner. Arno, by his father's direction, took a little tin can in his hand, one which Viola had found in the closet. Viola took a basket, and also a coffee-pot.

"Now, Arno," said Pierre, as they went together out of the room, "we must lock the door, and leave the key at the porter's lodge as we go out."

"Is that the way they do?" asked Arno.

"Yes," replied his father, "that is the way they always do."

So Arno locked the door after his father and his sister had come out, and then they all together went down stairs. When they reached the porter's lodge, Pierre gave the porter his key. Near the door of the lodge, and opposite to the place where the porter sat, there was a set of shelves against the wall, each shelf being divided into compartments, which formed a number of little boxes, as it were, on the wall. In the centre of each of these compartments was a hook to hang a key upon, and over the hook a number. These numbers corresponded with the numbers of the rooms. There was a little brass label on the key too, which was stamped with a number. This was, of course, the number of Pierre's room.

"Here is the key," said Pierre to the porter, as he gave it to him.

"Very well," said the porter; and, so saying, he took the key and hung it up in the compartment where it belonged.

"Did you see the little place, Viola," said Pierre, as they went away, "where he hung up our key?"

Enjoy the present while it is pleasant.

Looking out for a creamery.

"Yes, father," replied Viola. "It is in a little compartment of boxes fastened against the wall."

"Yes," said Pierre; "and now, if any thing should come for us while we are away, the porter will put it in our compartment, and then it will be ready for us when we come home."

"I don't think that any thing will come for us," said Arno.

"Not to-day," replied Pierre; "but something may come for us some day or other while we are here."

"What shall you do, father, when the fortnight is out?" asked Viola; "for the man says that, after a fortnight, our rooms are engaged."

"Oh, then we shall go and find another apartment," replied Pierre.

"I am afraid that we shall not like it as well as we do this," said Viola.

"It is very likely that we shall like it better," replied Pierre. "There are plenty of rooms to let every where about Paris, so that we can have a good choice. We have got a pleasant room now, and we will have a good time in it; and whenever we look forward, and think of the next room that we shall have, we will imagine it to be a still better one than this is."

"So we will," replied Viola.

"And now," continued Pierre, "keep a good look-out, and when you see a creamery,* tell me."

"What is a creamery, father?" asked Arno.

"It is a little shop," replied Pierre, "where they sell milk, and

* In French, *crèmerie*.

What a creamery is.

Different kinds of them.

A good breakfast place.

cream, and butter, and eggs, and cheese, and such kind of things that naturally belong with milk. There are a great many of them in Paris."

"How shall we know them when we see them?" asked Arno.

"Sometimes you will see a sign over the door," said Pierre; "and often in the window you will see a pan of milk, or some different kinds of cheese. There are generally white muslin curtains to the windows, and little signs upon the glass to show that people can have coffee, and eggs, and omelets in there."

"What do they have curtains at the windows for?" asked Viola. "Don't they wish us to look in?"

"Why, you see, they have tables inside, and benches, for people to sit at and drink the coffee or the milk that they buy, and to eat the eggs and the omelets. And people do not like, when they are eating at a table, to have the persons that are going along the street look in and see them."

"I should not like it, I am sure," said Viola.

"There is a back room in the creameries," said Pierre, "where they make the coffee, and boil the milk, and cook the omelets. Some of the creameries are very small, and have no tables, and no arrangements for cooking, but are only little shops for selling milk, and cream, and butter, and cheese. In these creameries they do not generally have any curtains to the windows, for in these they do not care how much you look in. Other creameries are very large. Some of them have twenty or thirty tables, and a great many people go into them in the mornings to get their breakfast."

Roast chicken for dinner.

The roast-shop.

Its appearance.

“I should like to go,” said Arno.

“We will go some time,” replied Pierre. “We will go to-morrow morning.”

“Ah!” said Viola, “I am glad of that.”

“Indeed,” added Pierre, “we shall have to go into one of them now, for I want to buy some coffee. But have not we come almost to the corner?”

“Yes, father,” said Arno, “the corner is close by.”

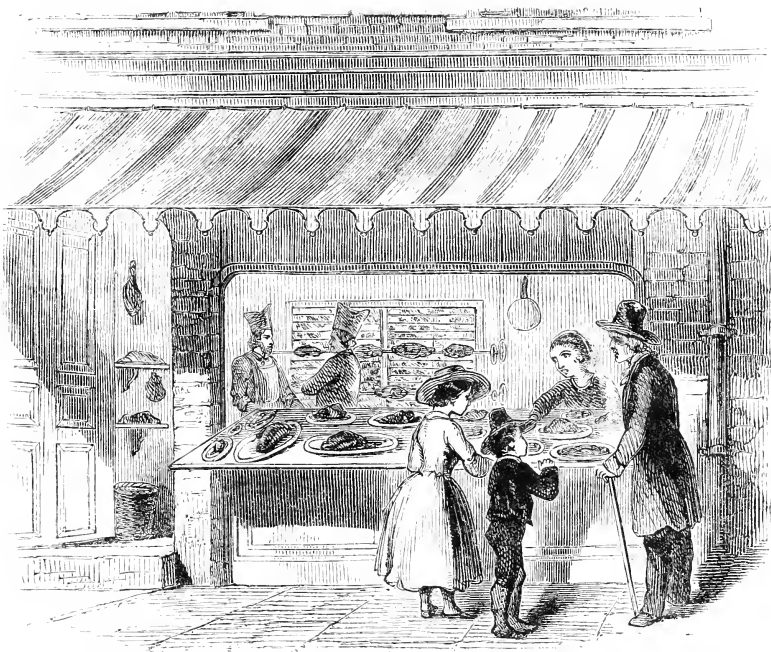
“Because, right round this corner,” said Pierre, “there is a roast-shop, where we are going to buy some roast chicken.”

Immediately after turning the corner the party came to what Pierre called the roast-shop. There was a door, and by the side of it a large open window. The window was so large that, together with the door, it occupied the whole front of the shop. Just inside of the window was a broad shelf or counter sloping a little toward the street, and on this counter were a number of dishes containing roast geese, roast turkeys, roast chickens, some whole, and some cut into parts. In the back part of the shop there was a monstrous fire, or rather series of fires, made of charcoal placed in grates, one above another, and before these fires were revolving a great many long spits, each one loaded with geese, chickens, and turkeys, which were roasting at the fire.

Pierre and the children advanced to this window in order to buy some chicken for their dinner. A very nice-looking girl advanced to meet them.

“Is there a plate here with a chicken cut up upon it?” asked Pierre.

They conclude to have turkey for dinner instead of chicken.



THE ROAST-SHOP.

“Yes, father,” said Arno, “there is, and one with a turkey on it too.”

“Shall we have chicken or turkey?” asked Pierre.

“Turkey,” said Arno.

“Very well,” said Pierre, “we will have turkey to-day, to celebrate our arrival. We will call it a holiday. Choose out a piece,

How much to buy.

Fried potatoes.

The potato stand at the corner.

Arno, about three times as big as you can eat. If it is three times as much as you can eat, it will be enough, I think."

So Arno chose a piece of turkey, taking care to select a portion which contained a large share of the breast, and plenty of stuffing. Pierre bought the piece, and paid for it, and then the young woman wrapped it up in a paper and gave it to Arno to carry home. Although the paper was very thick that the turkey was wrapped in, and was put round in many folds, the parcel soon began to feel quite warm in Arno's hand. The truth was, the turkey from which the part which they had bought was cut had but just come off the fire.

Very soon Arno put the parcel into Viola's basket, and so Viola carried it the rest of the way home.

"Now," said Pierre, "we want some fried potatoes. I will take you to a place where there used to be a woman who had a stand for frying potatoes at a corner of the street. If she has not gone away, we shall find her there now."

"I hope she has not gone away," said Arno.

Pierre led the way to the corner, and there the woman was still employed at her old vocation of frying potatoes at the corner of the street. She had a sort of stand containing a small fire of charcoal, and over it a pan which was full of sliced potatoes, which were frying, like so many doughnuts, in lard or fat of some kind. As fast as they were done, the woman took them out with a sort of skimmer, and sold them to the people that came from the neighboring houses and shops to buy them. Some brought plates to carry the potatoes home in, some bowls, and some little tin cans.

Four sous' worth of potatoes.

Four sous' worth of coffee and milk.

"How many shall we buy?" asked Viola.

"Buy four sous' worth first," said Pierre, "and have them put into your can, and then you can see if you think there will be enough."

So the woman put in four sous' worth of the fried potatoes into the little tin pail or can which Arno had brought, and as both the children thought, on seeing how many there were, that there would be a plenty for their dinner, Pierre did not buy any more.

After this the children found a creamery, and Arno opened the door, and they all went in.

"Ask for four sous' worth of coffee and milk," said Pierre, as soon as they had got in.

Viola did as her father directed, but the girl to whom she spoke, being busy attending upon the tables, where a number of persons were drinking coffee, and eating bread and butter, pointed to a door at the back side of the room, and said,

"Out there."

So Viola, carrying her coffee-pot in her hand, went out through the door which the girl had indicated.

"I mean to go too, father," said Arno. "You can stay here and wait for us. I want to see."

"Very well," said Pierre.

So Arno followed Viola into the back room. There they found a long cooking range, with many little charcoal fires in it, and various kettles and pans upon it, some filled with boiled milk, some with chocolate, some with coffee, and some with eggs, which the cooks were making into omelets. The cooks had white aprons

Sugaring the coffee.

More purchases.

Butter and bread.

on, and queer-looking paper caps upon their heads. Viola approached one of them, and said that she wanted four sous' worth of coffee and milk; or, as she expressed it in the French form, "Coffee and milk for four sous."

"Sugared?" asked the cook.

"Yes," said Arno, whispering to Viola. "Yes. Tell him yes."

So Viola said yes, and then the cook, after putting four lumps of loaf sugar into the coffee-pot which Viola had brought, dipped up several ladles full of rich-looking milk from one of the kettles, and poured them into the coffee-pot. He then poured very strong coffee from a large coffee-pot which stood upon the range into the milk, until the coffee-pot was almost full.

"There!" said he, at length, handing Viola the coffee-pot.

Viola paid the four sous, and then she and Arno went back to her father.

After this they bought several other things which they required for their dinner. Among others, there was three sous' worth of butter. This a woman cut off from a big lump, on a low shelf, by means of a wire. Pierre also, on a suggestion from Arno, bought two apples and three pears.

On their way home the children passed a place where a woman was frying some little fishes, and selling them very fast to the people that came for them, and also to another place where one was baking some very nice-looking griddle-cakes, all in the open air. Arno was somewhat inclined to have his father stop and buy some of both these articles, but his father said that they had got enough for one dinner, and so they went home; only they

Why four rolls were bought.

stopped at a baker's on the way, and bought four small rolls of nice fresh bread.

"Why do you want four, father?" asked Viola. "Will not one apiece be enough."

"One apiece would be enough for us," said Pierre, "but I want one to give to the concierge.* It makes him feel good-natured if we give him a little present now and then sometimes, when we go by his lodge, and stop to get the key."

They then walked on more rapidly, for they were all quite hungry by this time; only Arno and Viola would delay a little as they passed the shop windows, to look in and see the articles exposed for sale. Soon, however, they reached the house.

They stopped at the lodge to get the key of their apartment, and gave the concierge his roll of bread, which seemed to please him very much. Then they all went up stairs and ate their dinner.

* The French name for the porters who guard the entrance to the houses is concierge. Sometimes the person is a man and sometimes it is a woman; but, whichever it is, the name which they take is concierge.

One of the queer 'st streets in Paris.No carriages ever pass through it.

CHAPTER IV.

GETTING INTO BUSINESS.

THE street of the Three Little Mugs is one of the narrowest, crookedest, and, altogether, one of the funniest streets in Paris. Were it not for the size and height of the houses on each side of it, we should call it a mere alley, it is so very narrow. In some places, when standing in the middle of the street, you can touch the houses on both sides at the same time; and when you look up, the space seems so confined, and the strip of sky that you see is so small, that you feel as if you were in the bottom of a deep chasm among the rocks, with ranges of lofty cliffs on both sides.

There were two or three reasons which led Pierre to choose a lodging in this street. One was, that he had lodged in it already some years before, and he knew several of the people that lived there. Another reason was, that, the street being too narrow to allow carriages to pass through, he could walk back and forth in it alone with more safety than in any of the great thoroughfares.

There was another reason, which was quite a curious one. It was this: the street was too narrow to allow of sidewalks, and of gutters on each side next to them, and so, as is usual in such streets in European cities, it was paved sloping in toward the middle, so as to form a water-course along the centre for the water to run in in time of rain. In good weather, of course, it was all dry, and so Pierre could find his way then along the street very easily.

Why Pierre liked it.

The family at home.

The bill of exchange.

by always keeping in the lowest part of the pavement, which, of course, he knew must be the middle of the street.

Pierre, and also the children, liked their apartment very much, and in a very short time they began to feel entirely at home in it. Viola was particularly pleased with her little room. Her father, after a day or two, bought her a small chest to keep her clothes and other things in. The chest was very pretty. It was painted blue, and it had a lock and key.

“And now,” said Pierre, when the chest was brought home, and Viola had finished arranging her things in it, “there is only one thing that I shall want you to keep for me in the chest, and that is my money.”

So he took out a small leather wallet from his pocket, and gave it to Viola to put in her chest.

“There is not much money in my wallet now,” said he. “We must go pretty soon to the banker’s and get some more. But the wallet is just as precious as if there was ever so much money in it, for my bill of exchange is there.”

Viola said that she would put the wallet in her chest and keep it very safe.

“Yes,” said her father, “you must always lock your trunk when you leave it, and put the key in your pocket.”

“Yes, I will, father,” said Viola.

“And you must take care that your pocket has not got any holes in it,” added Pierre.

“I’ll make a new pocket,” said Viola. “I’ll make it out of the strongest cloth that I can get.”

Pierre's philosophy.

Probabilities discussed.

The best policy.

"That will be a good plan," said Pierre; "though still, after all, if you should chance to lose the key, it would be no very great calamity."

"Why, father," exclaimed Arno, "then how could you open the chest?"

"Oh, I could get a locksmith to come and open it, and then make a new key," replied Pierre.

"But, father, that would make a great deal of trouble," said Arno.

"I did not say that it would not make any trouble," rejoined Pierre. "I said it would be no very great calamity."

"But, father," said Arno, "perhaps somebody would find the key, and then come here to the house while we were gone away, and open the chest and steal your money."

"It is very probable that somebody would find the key," said Pierre, "if Viola were to lose it in the street; but the chance that, among all the thousands and thousands of rooms in Paris, they would hit upon ours in trying to find the chest that it belonged to, is too small to be taken into the account."

"But, father," said Arno, "they might happen to see Viola when she dropped it, and then they might watch us to see where we should go."

"That's very true," said Pierre; "you have got a longer head than I have. There would be a chance of that. And so I think, on the whole, that Viola had better be careful and not lose the key."

Before Pierre had been a week in Paris, he had established him-

Pierre becomes established in business.His newspaper-stall.

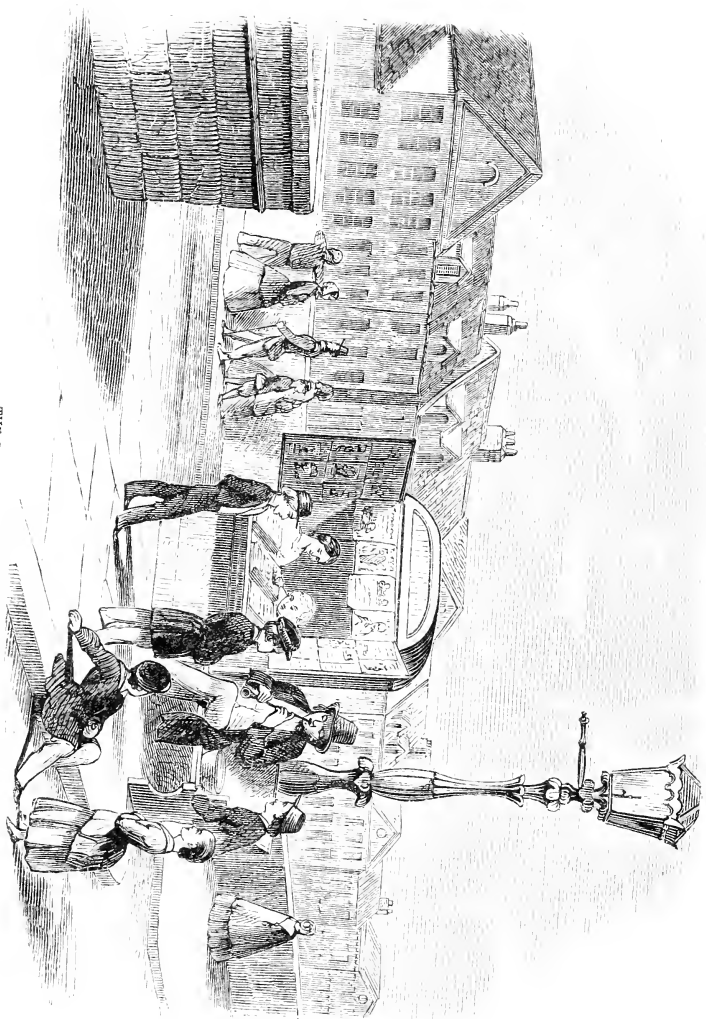
self quite comfortably in business. The business was selling newspapers from a little stall on the corner of the sidewalk near one of the bridges. These stalls, from which they sell newspapers in the streets of Paris, are very curious things. They are made of wood, and are just about as large as a sentry-box—that is, only large enough to hold one person at a time. A single grown person sitting in one of them fills it up entirely.

On the opposite page you see a picture of the little newspaper stall, with Viola sitting inside of it, selling the papers. There is a door in the side to go in at. The door is now shut. The front is partly open. It opens by means of two small doors. Below this opening there is a sort of shelf or counter to put the newspapers upon.

When the time came for Pierre to leave his stall at night, he would first take the papers off the shelf—that is, if he had any papers left over that day, and put them on the seat. Then he would shut the two front doors, which, coming together in the centre, would close up the front of the stall entirely. Pierre would fasten them both inside the stall by a hasp. Then he would lock the door, and he and the children would go home.

At first it was Pierre himself that shut up the stall at night. He did it by feeling. After a little time, however, Viola learned to do it. She could do it more easily, because she could see.

In keeping the stall, Viola was usually the one to sit in it and sell the papers. There was only room for one person to sit there comfortably. Yet sometimes Arno would go in too. Viola, by sitting close, could just make room for him on the seat.



THE PLACE OF BUSINESS.

Another occupation.

Playing the flageolet.

French coins.

Pierre had his seat outside on a bench. He used to play upon his flageolet as he sat there, to amuse the people that passed by. It was very pleasant to hear his flageolet playing little tunes, sometimes merry and sometimes sad, as you walked along.

Pierre had a small wooden bowl by his side on his bench for people to put their money in, if any of them chose to pay him for his music. It is true, that for a very large portion of the people that went by, his music was of no use. They were people going along rapidly to or from their work, and they had no time to stop to listen to a tune, nor would they have taken any pleasure in hearing it, perhaps, even if they had had time. But, although twenty persons might go by without paying any attention to the music, the twenty-first would perhaps stop and listen to it a moment, and then put a sou or a centime into the bowl. And even if one in twenty paid, it made, in the course of the day, a good deal of money; for the number of people that passed that way were thousands upon thousands.

Sometimes a charitable person would come along, and, though he could not stop to listen to the music himself, he would still put a sou into the bowl.

“Poor old blind man!” he would say. “He can not work himself, and he is trying to do all the good that he can in the world by making music to cheer the people who *can* work, as they go to and from their places of labor, so I’ll give him a sou.”

A sou is a copper coin about as big as a cent, and it is of about the value of a cent. There is another smaller copper coin that circulates in France, called a *centime*. The centime is about

Contributions to Pierre's bowl.How he became installed in business.

as large as an American five cent piece, and is worth less than a quarter of a cent. Indeed, it takes five centimes to make a sou.

Sometimes people put centimes, and sometimes sous into Pierre's bowl; but, whatever the coins were, he was always glad to hear them jingling in. He could generally tell whether they were sous or centimes by the sound; though one day he was greatly deceived, for a coin which he thought, by the sound of it when it dropped into the bowl, must be a centime, was really a silver coin worth ten sous, so that that time he got quite a prize.

Pierre very often got sous in his bowl from people who stopped to buy a newspaper at the stall. The price of the newspapers was generally three sous. And as Pierre was playing to them while they were buying the paper, and getting back their change from Viola, they would sometimes take one of the sous that came in the change, and put it into Pierre's bowl as they went away.

Sometimes a little party of children passing by would stop and listen to Pierre's music. They seemed to enjoy the music more than any body else, but, unfortunately, they seldom paid any thing. They would have been glad to pay, I have no doubt; but the fact was that very few of them ever had any money.

The way in which Pierre obtained this stand for his business was, he purchased it of a woman who owned it before, and had sold papers there for some time. This woman was beginning to be old and infirm, and as she had a son who had now grown up and was able to take care of her at his own home, she was very willing to sell her stand, especially as Pierre offered her a good

Midday amusement.

Arno's business.

A walk on the bridge.

price for it. He had had to inquire of a good many of the owners of such stands before he found any one who was willing to sell to him.

The business of the stand did not require Pierre and the children to confine themselves to the place all the day. The time for selling newspapers was in the morning and in the evening. In the middle of the day there was nothing to do there, and then Pierre and the children used to go home. Or sometimes, when it was a pleasant day, they would go together and take a walk along the quays, or in any other part of the town where Pierre could play his flageolet to amuse the children.

As I have said before, it was Viola usually that sat in the stall to sell the papers. Sometimes Arno sat there with her, but often he was sent away to do errands. He used to go to the newspaper offices to buy the papers, and it was very convenient to have him always at home to go and get more papers, when at any time Viola found that the market was brisk, and that she was likely to sell an unusual number.

When Arno had nothing else to do, he used to walk along the bridge and see if he could help the other people that had things to sell there; for there were a great many little trades practiced on the bridge. There were women seated under big umbrellas, with apples before them for sale. There were men who kept roasted chestnuts, roasting them in a pan which they had there, with a little fire under it, on the bridge. There were other men whose business it was to brush shoes. They each had a little box before them, with brushes and blacking in it, and a place on

What was done on the bridge.

An investigation.

Striking the balance.

the top of it where any passenger going by could put his foot up and have his boots brushed, first one and then the other, without taking them off. Then there were women whose business was to shear and trim small dogs, and to take care of them and cure them when they were sick. Indeed, the bridge, like most of the other bridges of Paris, was quite a lively place with the various little trades that were carried on upon it.

Arno gradually became acquainted with all these people, and sometimes, when he was at leisure, he used to stay and keep their stands when they wished to go away for a short time for any reason.

In paying for his room for a fortnight in advance, and in buying his newspaper stand, Pierre expended pretty nearly all the money that he had brought with him on his journey, and after he had been about ten days in his new home, he told Viola and Arno that if it had not been for the money that they had made in their business, it would be necessary for him to go to the banker's and get some cash.

"As it is," said he, "perhaps I ought to go and give him some money to put on interest. When we go home to-night, we will count up and see. If we have got more than we want, we will pay some of it to the banker. If we have got less than we want, then we will ask him to pay *us* some."

Accordingly, that night Pierre counted over his money, and upon estimating their probable expenses, he found that he had more than they were likely to want.

"And then, besides," said he, "we are earning now, every day,

The favorable result.

A contingency.

Giving receipts.

more than we spend, so that even if we give all that we have now to the banker, we shall very soon have some more."

"Then, at that rate," said Arno, "I don't see that we shall ever want the banker to pay us back any of it."

"Ah! we may be sick some day," replied Pierre, "or some other misfortune may happen to us."

"That would be bad," said Arno.

"Yes," said Pierre, "it would be rather bad on some accounts; but yet, suppose that I should be sick, think what a good time you and Viola would have taking care of me.

"But we will go to the banker's to-morrow," continued Pierre. "I want you and Viola to know the way, and also to know how to do the business."

"How shall we do the business?" asked Viola.

"Why, you see," said Pierre, "when the banker pays us any money, he will wish to have a receipt to prove that he paid it. In all money transactions receipts ought to be given. If the banker were to pay money without taking a receipt, then the person that he paid it to might forget, and think that it had not been paid to him."

"I don't see how any body could possibly forget such a thing as that," said Viola.

"If it was only one sum of money that was paid," replied Pierre, "perhaps he would not; but if there were a great many sums paid at different times, the man would not remember them all; or, at least, he might not, and then when the banker came to add them all up, and say how much he had paid, the man might

Viola must sign them.Their visit to the banker's office.

perhaps think that the banker was not honest, and had not really paid him as much as he pretended.

"So you see," continued Pierre, "every time we get any money at the banker's, he will write how much it is on a paper, and you, Viola, must sign it. Sometimes I shall send you and Arno alone. Then the banker will write a paper, and you will sign it, and then he will give you the money."

"I'd rather that you would go with us," said Viola.

"Yes," replied her father, "I shall always go with you when I can; but I may be sick, or some accident may happen, and then I shall have to send you alone."

Pierre and the children accordingly went to the banker's the next day, as soon as they had done selling the newspapers in the morning. They had no difficulty in finding the place, for Pierre was familiar with the way. When they first went into the banker's office, they entered a room where a number of clerks were engaged writing at desks. At first the clerks thought that Pierre was a beggar. Some of them were going to send him away; but one of them, who was more charitable and considerate than the rest, looked at Pierre and the children, and, being pleased with their appearance, concluded that he would give them something. So he put his hand into his pocket and took out a double sou. He handed this to Viola.

"Here, my child," said he, "take this and go."

"What is it?" asked Pierre.

"A double sou," said Viola.

"Ah!" said Pierre, in a very good-natured tone, and as if he

An unexpected rejoinder.

Amusement of the clerks.

A talk with the banker.

were not at all abashed, "I am *very* much obliged to you, but I want more than that."

This reply, so extraordinary in one who seemed to be a beggar, attracted the attention of all the clerks. Some of them laughed outright. Pierre laughed too.

"I'm *very* much obliged to you for the double sou," said he, "and I'll keep it if you please, though I did not come to beg, as you may have supposed. I came to *draw*."

"To draw!" exclaimed some of the clerks, and they laughed more than ever; but they did not laugh loud, for the banker himself was in the next room, and he required the clerks to attend at all times strictly to their duties.

"Yes," said Pierre, "I came to draw. My name is Pierre Jouffroy. Just look into your books and see if I have a credit here."

This statement and question sobered the clerks at once. The one who had given Pierre the double sou immediately offered him and the children seats, and then went into the other office to tell the banker. The banker sent word for Pierre and the children to come in and see him in the inner office, and he held quite a long conversation with them there in respect to their journey to Paris, and their condition and prospects in the town. After having finished their conversation, the banker said,

"And now you wish to draw some money, the clerk tells me."

"No, sir," said Pierre. "The clerks began jesting with me a little, and I said that by way of parrying their jokes. I really wish to deposit."

Making a deposit.

The business concluded.

A remarkable difference.

So he took the money which he had brought with him and delivered it to the banker. The banker entered the amount in his books to Pierre's credit, and said that Pierre could draw for it at any time he chose.

"The signature which they sent me," said the banker, "was Viola Jouffroy."

"Yes, sir," said Pierre, "my daughter," and he pointed to Viola. "When I come to draw, she will come with me to sign the receipt. Sometimes I may send her alone. In any case, you can pay to her just as you would to me."

The business being thus arranged, Pierre bid the banker good-by, and with the children went away. The clerks bowed to them very civilly as they passed through the outer office.

It makes a great difference when you go to a banker's whether you go to beg money or to deposit it.

Domestic arrangements.The kitten on the roof.

CHAPTER V.

WHISKER.

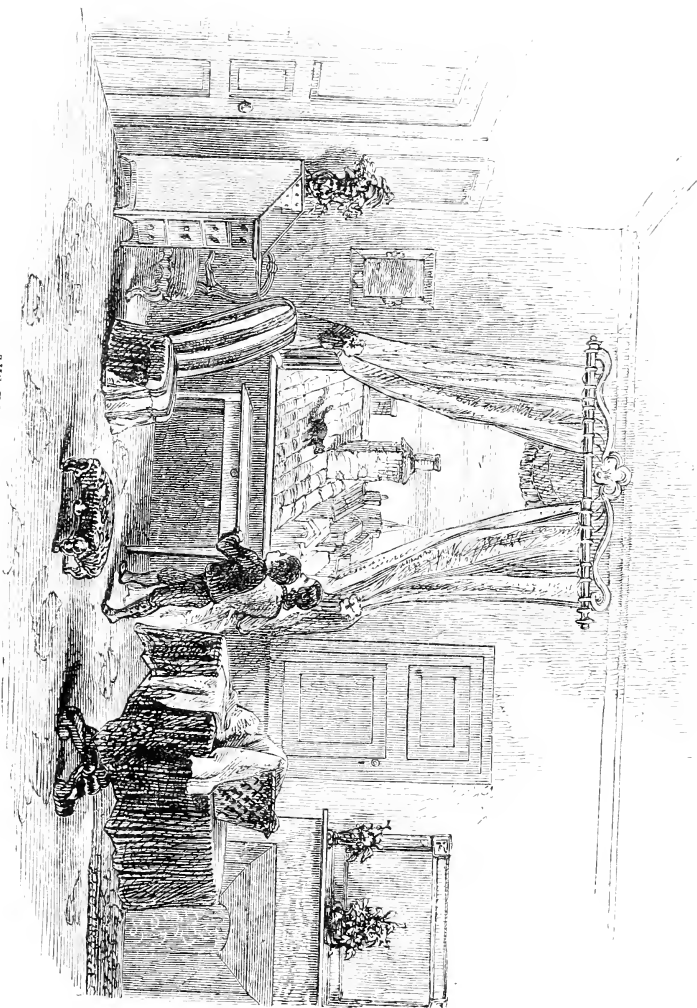
VIOLA liked her little room very much indeed, and the larger room too, which served at once as sitting-room, bed-room, and kitchen for the family. Sometimes they brought home food with them, which Viola cooked at the little cooking fireplace. At other times they bought their food ready cooked at various little stands and shops in their neighborhood. Whichever plan they adopted, they always had an excellent time eating their supper, after their day's work was done. After supper, Viola and Arno used to read to their father from story-books which they bought at the stalls along the bridges and quays coming home.

They often spent a good deal of time at home in the middle of the day. One day, just after dinner, Arno was looking out at the window to see what he could see going on among the roofs, when suddenly he called to Viola, who was then in another part of the room.

"Viola!" said he, "Viola! come here quick, and see this pretty little pussy."

Viola ran to the window, and, looking out, she saw upon the roof close by a very pretty mottled gray kitten. She had a very broad, bushy tail, almost like that of a gray squirrel. When Viola first saw her, she was coming down the slope of a roof, and as soon as Viola came to the window, she stopped to look at her and

THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF WHISKIE.



Making advances.

Pussy in trepidation.

An inducement.

Arno. She gazed at them a moment wildly, and then turned to run away, but, after going a few steps, stopped and looked back.

“Pussy! Pussy!” said Viola, holding out her hand.

The sound of Viola’s voice seemed to alarm the kitten more than ever, for she now ran up the roof until she reached the side of a chimney, and then she stopped and turned round again. She acted as if she imagined that the chimney would afford her some protection.

“Get a piece of meat for her, Viola,” said Arno. “Go and get it, quick. If we could only catch her and tame her, what a beautiful kitty she will make for us!”

Viola hurried away, and in a few moments came back, bringing with her a plate with some small scraps of meat upon it.

“What a pretty kitten she would be for us,” said Arno, eagerly, “if we could only catch her!”

“But perhaps she belongs to some one already,” said Viola.

“No,” said Arno, “don’t you see how wild she is. She lives on the roofs, you may depend. She does not belong to any body.”

So saying, Arno took up one of the pieces of meat and tossed it out upon the roof toward the place where the kitten was. The kitten seemed frightened, as if she thought that the piece of meat was a stone, or some other dangerous missile, and ran at once out of sight behind the chimney.

The children watched the place where the kitten had disappeared, and after a few minutes they saw the end of her nose just coming into view again. Finally her whole face was to be seen, though her body was still concealed behind the chimney.

Lying in ambush for the kitten.

Waiting.

Story-reading.

“She’s peeping,” said Arno, “she’s actually peeping, the cunning little monkey! but you and I, let us peep too. We’ll show her that we can be as cunning as she is.”

So saying, Arno drew back Viola from the window, and put down the curtain on one side. Then he opened a small crack between the edge of the curtain and the side of the window, where he and Viola could peep through and see the kitten without being seen themselves, as they supposed; but, as a matter of fact, they were seen. The kitten observed the movement of the edge of the curtain, and she watched it very closely, suspecting that it denoted treachery or mischief of some sort.

The children remained at their post for some time, until, at length, Viola began to be tired, for the kitten remained as motionless as they. At last Viola said that she must go to her work.

“You must watch her, Arno,” said Viola, “and when she comes any nearer you may tell me.”

“Yes,” said Pierre; “and, in the mean time, you can be reading Viola and me a story.”

This proposal seemed satisfactory to all concerned. So Viola brought Arno a book, and he took his seat in a chair near the window, in such a position that he could at any time, by just raising his eyes, see what the kitten was about. Viola took her sewing and sat down near the table. Pierre established himself in a very comfortable position in a large arm-chair, with his feet in another chair, and composed himself to listen or to go to sleep, according as the story might prove to be more or less interesting.

Arno began his reading as follows:

Beginning the story.

Herr Schneider.

A word about the kitten.

THE CAUTIOUS CONCIERGE.

Once upon a time there was a concierge who had the charge of a large and handsome house in one of the best quarters of Paris. One of the special duties of a concierge is to protect the house that he has the charge of, and all the lodgers that live in it, from thieves.

“She sees the meat, Viola,” said Arno, interrupting himself here in his reading. “She sees the meat, I verily believe.”

“I am glad of it,” said Viola, “if she really does. Look up again pretty soon, and tell me if you see her going toward it.”

So Arno went on with his story as follows :

Among the other lodgers who lived in this house was a German gentleman named Schneider. They generally called him Herr Schneider, *Herr* being the German word for Mr.

Now there was a certain thief, named Traineau, who found out, in some way or other, that Herr Schneider lived in this house, and he determined to avail himself of this knowledge to commit a robbery.

“Yes, Viola, she is creeping down toward it,” said Arno. “Don’t say a word; she is creeping along toward the meat.”

“Keep perfectly still, then,” said Viola. “Don’t move the curtain the least bit. Watch her, and see what she will do.”

“Now she has stopped,” said Arno, “and is looking this way.”

The rogue Traineau.

Another interruption from the kitten.

“Then you had better go on with your reading,” said Viola, “and pretend that you are not paying any attention to her.”

Traineau watched near the house for some days, until he found out at what time of the day Herr Schneider was out. He found that he was always out from one o'clock till five.

Traineau was a well-dressed man, and as he was very artful and cunning, he could assume the appearance and manners of a gentleman, and act the part very well. So he went into a large and fashionable store—

“She’s eating it, Viola,” said Arno, here suddenly interrupting himself again. “She’s eating the meat. Now she is eating it all up. I mean to throw out another piece.”

So Arno laid down his book, and taking another small piece of meat from the plate, he went softly to the open window—that is, to the side where the curtain had not been drawn, and prepared to throw it out upon the roof toward the kitten; but the kitten, as soon as she saw him, ran back and hid behind the chimney again.

“She has run away again,” said Arno.

“Never mind,” said Viola, “go on with your story, and she will come back.”

So Arno took up his book again, and after finding the place he went on as follows:

He went into a large and fashionable store, and inquired for

Traineau buys a shawl.Pussy gets the meat.

shawls. He wished to buy a shawl for a friend of his in Germany, who had sent to him to request him to make the purchase for her. He said that he wanted one worth about five hundred francs.*

The shop-keeper showed him some shawls, and he finally selected one which, he said, he thought would please the lady exactly; so he decided to take it, and he directed the shop-keeper to put it up for him.

"I have not the money with me to pay for it," said he, "but you may send it to my lodgings, and I will leave the money with the concierge in case I find that I shall not be at home at the time. I want it sent precisely at three o'clock.

"It is barely possible," added Traineau, "that I may be detained at the bank so as not to get home before that time. If so, your messenger can leave the parcel with the concierge, only telling him not to deliver it to me until I give him the money, so as to have it ready for you when you send again. You do not know me, I am well aware, but you can trust to the concierge if he says he knows me, and will be responsible for the package until he gets the money for it."

"She's coming again!" said Arno, looking off from his book, and peeping through the curtain. "She's coming again! Now she has got the second piece of meat, and is running off with it behind the chimney."

"I am glad she has got it," said Viola.

* Five hundred francs is equal to about one hundred dollars.

Father Pierre asleep.

More about Traineau.

Baiting the kitten.

“Would you give her another piece, Viola?” said Arno. “She seems to be very hungry.”

“Let’s ask father,” said Viola. “Father, may we give this poor kitten one more piece of meat?”

But Pierre gave no answer to this question. The truth was that he had fallen fast asleep.

Viola and Arno concluded, however, that their father would not have any objection to their giving the kitten some more pieces of meat, and so they determined to do it. Indeed, the pieces that were left in the plate were only fragments of very little value.

So Arno threw out another piece, and then resumed his reading.

The shopman thought that this was a very fair proposal. Indeed, Traineau appeared so fair and plausible in his person and manners that he had no suspicion of his true character. So he put up the shawl in a snug parcel, marked it with Herr Schneider’s name, and said that he would send it at three o’clock.

“I’ll tell you what I mean to do,” said Arno, interrupting himself again—“that is, provided you will give me a long piece of black thread.”

“Well, what?” asked Viola.

“I’ll tie a piece of meat to one end of the thread,” replied Arno, “and keep the other end in my hand. Then, when I throw the piece of meat out, and the kitten begins to come along to get it, I’ll pull it in slowly toward me. You see, that will make the kitten think that it is a mouse, or, at least, something alive like a

Gradual progress toward acquaintance.

More of the story.

mouse, and she will follow it along and try to catch it; so perhaps, in that way, I can bring her at last up close to the window, and so catch her."

"That's a very nice plan," said Viola, "but I don't know as it would be right to waste so much thread."

"Ah! yes," rejoined Arno, "that is no matter. Besides, it won't waste the thread. The thread will not be hurt at all, and, as soon as I have caught the kitten, I will give it all back to you."

So Viola gave Arno a spool of black thread. Arno tied one end of the thread to a piece of meat, and then, after unwinding the spool, and making a coil, he threw the piece of meat. The kitten ran back a little way at first, but she was now getting somewhat more accustomed to the sight of the children. Besides, she had found that what they threw out to her consisted, not of stones to hurt her, but of pieces of meat that were exceedingly good to eat. This last consideration had, moreover, a still more powerful influence upon her mind, from the fact that she was very hungry. She did not belong to any house, but lived upon the roofs, as Arno had surmised, and she had had nothing to eat for a long time.

As soon as Arno had thrown out his baited line, he resumed his reading as follows:

The shopman sent the parcel to the house where Herr Schneider lived at three o'clock precisely, as he had promised. The messenger, when he gave it to the concierge, asked for the money.

"The gentleman said that he would leave the money here with you, so as to have it ready when I called," said the messenger.

The package left for Herr Schneider.

Traineau calls for it.

“He has not left any money with me,” said the concierge. “However, that makes no difference. He’ll pay. Herr Schneider always pays for whatever he buys.”

“Then I leave the package with you, but you must not deliver it until you get the money. We shall hold you responsible either to give me back the package when I come again, or else to pay me the money.”

“Very well,” said the concierge, “I’ll be responsible.”

So the messenger went away.

In about half an hour afterward, and before Herr Schneider had come home, Traineau appeared at the lodge of the concierge, dressed as a messenger from a shop, and with a bundle under his arm about as large as the one that contained the shawl.

“She’s coming!” said Arno, suddenly. “She’s beginning to creep down toward the mouse! Don’t speak a word.”

“No,” said Viola; “but go on with the story. I want to hear what Traineau did with his bundle.”

Traineau, when he came in, asked the concierge if there had not been a parcel sent there for Herr Schneider from such a shop, naming the shop that the shawl had been sent from.

“Yes,” said the concierge.

“Because there has been a mistake,” said Traineau. “The clerk wrote Herr Schneider’s name on the wrong parcel. This is the parcel that is for him. That is a shawl, and is for a lady in the next street. You can peep in at the end and see.”

The concierge has his suspicions aroused.

He follows Traineau.

The concierge opened the end of the parcel a little way, and saw that it contained really a shawl, and so at first he supposed that all was right.

“She has come down almost to the mouse,” said Arno. “Now I mean to pull it along a little. There! it frightened her. She has run back.”

“No matter,” said Viola, “she will come again. Go on with the story.”

The next moment, however, the concierge, who was accustomed to watch against roguery of all kinds, began to suspect something wrong—

“She’s coming again, Viola.”

—to suspect something wrong. Still he pretended not to suspect, but exchanged the bundles at once, apparently without paying much attention to the circumstance. He, however, told his wife, who was sitting with him in the lodge, that he was going out to the grocer’s round the corner, and so, taking his hat, he followed Traineau out to the street, talking with him in an unconcerned way as they went along the passage.

“Which way are you going,” said the concierge.

“She has got almost to the mouse, Viola,” said Arno. “Now I am going to pull a little. There! she has run back a little,

They meet a policeman.

End of Traineau's scheme.

Pussy again.

but not very far. Now she has stopped and is looking at the mouse."

"Read on," said Viola; "she will come presently."

"Which way are you going?" asked the concierge.

"I am going this way," said Traineau.

"That is just the way that I am going," said the concierge.

So they walked along together. Presently they saw a policeman on the walk, a short distance before them.

"Ah!" said the concierge, "there is a policeman. He is just the man I want to see."

Now it is an excellent test of the roguery or honesty of any stranger that you encounter in a great city to observe what effect is produced upon him when you propose in any way to go near a policeman. A thief is very apt to be thrown into a panic by the sound of the word, whereas, upon an honest man, the idea of meeting a policeman, and of going to speak to him, produces no effect whatever.

The concierge knew this very well, and, in saying that he had some business with the policeman, his object was to see how Traineau would take it.

Traineau started at the word. He then instantly threw down his bundle and ran.

"She's following it along, Viola!" said Arno; "she's following it along!"

"I'm glad of it," said Viola; "but go on and finish the story."

The story concluded.The kitten close by the window.

“Well,” said Arno; “there are only two or three lines more.”

The concierge raised a hue and cry; the people stopped the thief; the policeman came and arrested him; and then, on looking into the bundles, the whole trick was found out, and Traineau was sent to prison.

The shopman made the concierge a handsome present as a reward for his adroitness in detecting the roguery.

“There!” said Arno, shutting up the book, “that’s the end of the story, and I am glad of it. Now I’ve nothing to do but to try to catch this kitten.”

Arno accordingly took his place at the window openly, for the kitten seemed now no longer afraid of him while he was at such a distance from her. Indeed, she was beginning to be quite interested in watching the moving piece of meat. Arno drew it along gently toward him, a very little at a time. The kitten watched it, crouching down from time to time, and appearing sometimes just ready for a spring. In this way Arno at length succeeded in toling her up close to his window.

Here he fed her more with other pieces of meat, and at last he called Viola to come and see how near he had brought her; so Viola put down her work and came.

She began to call to the kitten in kind and soothing tones of voice. The kitten purred, and walked back and forth, rubbing her two sides alternately against the corner of a small chimney that was near, but she would not come to Viola.

An irresistible inducement.

The kitten finally caught.

“Let us get her some milk,” said Viola. “Very likely she wants something to drink.”

Arno fully approved of this proposal, and so Viola went and brought a little milk in a saucer. She put this milk out carefully upon the roof. The kitten looked at it very wistfully for a few minutes, and at last began to creep up nearer to it. At length she put her head over the margin of the saucer, and began to lap up some of the milk, looking up, however, continually, with a frightened air, to keep watch of Arno and Viola. She, however, gradually seemed to feel more and more at her ease, and finally allowed Viola to stroke her back gently with the tips of her fingers. At last Viola took her up and lifted her in at the window.

“There!” said Arno, “we have caught her at last.”

“Yes,” said Viola; “and what a pretty kitten she is! Look at her whiskers, and her great bushy tail! It was I that caught her, so she is my kitten.”

“Oh no,” said Arno, “that is not fair. I did a great deal more toward catching her than you.”

“So you did,” said Viola; “that is very true, and she ought to belong to you as much, or more, than to me.”

“But, Viola,” said Arno, “what you did was scarcely any thing. I toiled her all the way up to the window.”

“Yes,” said Viola; “but then it was my thread that you had to do it with. And then, besides, a kitten is more proper for a girl than for a boy. A dog is the right animal for a boy.”

“If I only *had* a dog,” said Arno, in a mournful tone.

“We may perhaps find one some day,” said Viola; “and if

Settlement of the question of ownership.They call her Whisker.

we do, I'll help you catch him, if you will only let me have this kitten."

After some further consultation, it was finally agreed between the children that they would own the kitten together until such time as they should get a dog, and that then Arno should own the dog, and the kitten should become wholly the property of Viola.

When at length Pierre woke up, and heard that the children had got the kitten, he was very much pleased.

"It is the prettiest kitten that ever you saw, father," said Arno.

So saying, he brought the kitten, and laid her in his father's lap.

"See, father," said he, "see what a pretty kitten it is!"

So Pierre examined the kitten by feeling of her in every part, and then pronounced her a very pretty kitten indeed. He particularly admired her soft and bushy tail.

The children named their kitten Whisker.

An apartment in France may consist of several rooms.

CHAPTER VI.

GREAT CHANGES.

YOU will recollect that Pierre, when he engaged his apartment in the street of the Three Little Mugs, took it for a fortnight only. The concierge was not willing to engage the rooms to him for any longer time than that, and so he pretended that they were promised to another man.

But when, in the course of the first week that Pierre lived in the house, the concierge found out what an industrious and thrifty man he was, he began to think that he would let him stay longer. So he told him one morning, when Pierre stopped to leave his key at the lodge, that perhaps that man would not come.

"He may not come," said he, "and in that case I should like to have you keep the apartment longer, if you please."

The whole set of rooms, be they more or less in number, which are connected together in a French house, and are meant to be occupied by one family, or one party, is called an apartment.

"Very well," said Pierre; "we like the apartment, and if that man does not come, we will stay."

This plan was, however, unexpectedly deranged by an accident which occurred to Pierre one day, and which threatened, for a time, to prove to be a great calamity for all the party.

The children were accustomed to walk with their father to and fro between their home and the little stall on the bridge where

Exercise for Arno and Viola.

Directions.

The street Licorne.

they sold their newspapers; but Pierre knew very well that this alone was not exercise enough for them. Of course, they were obliged to walk very slowly when they walked with him, for he could never go fast himself, even when he had some one to lead him.

So Pierre used to send them off on long rambles up and down the banks of the river, and over the bridges, whenever the weather was pleasant, at the time when the sales in the little stall were over.

“If you keep near the river all the time,” he used to say to them, “and especially if you keep the towers of Notre Dame in sight, there will be no danger that you will get lost. The towers will be a landmark for you.”

One morning, about eleven o'clock, when the sales of the newspapers were finished for that day, Pierre told the children that they might go and take one of their walks.

“Go with me,” said he, “as far as street Licorne, and then I can find the rest of my way home myself.”

The street Licorne was the street which came next to that of the Three Little Mugs.

So the children shut up the stall, and locked it, and then gave the key to Pierre to put in his pocket. Then they led their father as far as to the street Licorne, and there they bade him goodbye, and set out on their walk. They had a long and very pleasant walk, and they got home just before the usual time for dinner.

As they were going up the stairs to go to their apartment, they heard the concierge calling after them.

On their return, the children can not find their father.

“Halloo! little crazy heads,” said he, “why don’t you stop and get the key?”

“Father is up there,” said Viola.

“No, he is not up there,” rejoined the concierge. “Come and get the key.”

So Arno ran back to get the key, and then they both went up stairs together, wondering what could have become of their father.

“No matter,” said Viola; “he will come in pretty soon, I am sure, for it is almost dinner-time.”

The children waited an hour, but their father did not come. Viola occupied herself with her sewing, while Arno beguiled the time by playing with Whisker. After the hour was expired Viola began to feel very uneasy. She was afraid that something had happened to her father.

“Arno,” said she, “I think you and I had better go out and see if we can not find where father is.”

Arno fully approved of this proposition, and so the two children went out. As they passed by the lodge, they told the concierge that their father had not got home, and they did not know what had become of him.

“Ah!” said the concierge. “Well, *I* don’t know what has become of him, I am very sure. I have not seen him since morning.”

As soon as the children had gone out, the concierge said to his wife that he was not at all surprised to hear that the blind man had disappeared.

“He has gone off somewhere,” said he, “and left these children

The suspicions of the concierge.They are totally unfounded.

on my hands. I thought he would turn out to be a vagabond. His paying a fortnight in advance was only an artful device."

The concierge was wholly wrong in his conjecture. Pierre had not gone off. He had been struck by the wheel of a cart which was forced up upon the sidewalk where he was walking by the bad behavior of the horse, and had been knocked down and made insensible. The people in the street ran to help him and to take him up, and very soon some policemen came to the place and caused him to be conveyed to a hospital; so that, while the children were looking for him all about the streets, he was lying on a bed, helpless and almost insensible, in an immense room in the hospital, which had four rows of beds in it, fifty in a row, and almost all occupied by sick and wounded.

Of course, the children could not find their father any where, and, after an hour's search, they came back to their lodging, tired, hungry, and very sorrowful. They sat down on the settee a few minutes after they got into the room, holding each other by the hand, but not saying a word.

At length Viola began to speak.

"We must not be down-hearted, Arno," said she. "Father said that we must never be down-hearted, and make ourselves unhappy about trouble that we are afraid may be coming upon us."

"But this is trouble that *has* come," said Arno. "Father is lost already."

"Oh no," replied Viola, "we do not know that he is lost. We don't know any thing about it yet. He will come back again before a great while, I have very little doubt; so we will keep up a

The children try to be hopeful.Plans for the future.

good heart. And now we will not wait any longer, but will have our dinner. We are hungry."

"Yes," rejoined Arno, "I am very hungry."

"We have got enough in our closet to make an excellent dinner," said Viola, "and we have got plenty of money to buy some more."

"Have you got plenty of money?" asked Arno.

"Yes," said Viola, "I have got a good deal in the purse in my chest; at least I have got some, and, when we want more, we can get it at the banker's."

"That's true," said Arno; "and that is very encouraging."

"Then, besides, what pleasant rooms we have got to live in!" said Viola.

"Yes," rejoined Arno; "but, if that *man* should come, then we should be obliged to move away. The fortnight is almost out."

"True," said Viola, "the fortnight is out day after to-morrow. I think that after dinner you or I had better go down to the lodge and ask the concierge whether that man is coming or not."

"I'll go down," said Arno.

While talking thus with Arno, Viola had been busy all the time in setting the table for dinner, and now both the children took their places at the table, to eat what Viola had provided. Arno had been so much comforted and encouraged by Viola's cheering words that he seemed soon almost entirely to forget the trouble they were in. His mind, too, was occupied and amused, while he was at the table, by Whisker's manœuvres to induce him to feed

Whisker domesticated.The children alone at night.

her from his plate. She would reach up her paw and touch him gently on his knee in order to make him look down to her, and then, when she saw him looking, she would get down again to the floor, and wait there patiently till Arno gave her a piece of meat.

After dinner, the children concluded not to say any thing to the concierge about their apartment, for Viola said that she had no doubt that their father would come home that night.

"Perhaps," said she, "he has gone to dine with somebody else to-day, and that, after his dinner, he will go back to the stall, and so we shall find him there when we go to sell the evening papers."

"Perhaps he has," said Arno, his face brightening up at the idea. "I verily believe he has."

Cheered by this idea, Viola and Arno, as soon as they had finished their dinner, set off immediately to go to the stall. They got there about half an hour before the usual time. They found the stall shut and locked, just as they had left it. They inquired of all the people that had stands in the neighborhood, but none of them had seen or heard any thing of their father.

They waited about the stall more than two hours, which made it an hour and a half later than the usual time for opening it, but their father did not come, and so at length they gave up expecting him, and went sorrowfully home.

That night they felt very lonesome. Viola did all that she could to amuse Arno and occupy his mind by letting him read stories to her while she sewed. At length, when he began to grow sleepy, she put him to bed, and heard him say his prayers.

No sign in the morning of Pierre.New lodgings to be found.

Soon after this she went to bed too. She took care to leave the door unlocked, so that, in case her father should come home in the night, he might not have any difficulty in getting in.

Viola woke up once or twice in the night, and every time that she waked she listened a few minutes to hear if her father was coming. Of course, he did not come. At last the morning appeared, and Viola and Arno got up and dressed themselves; but there was no sign of their father.

"And now," said Viola, "when we go down after breakfast, we will ask the concierge if the man is coming to take our apartment."

"And if he is coming, what shall we do?" asked Arno.

"Then we must go and try to find another," said Viola.

Accordingly, Viola, when she stopped to leave the key at the lodge, as she and Arno went out after breakfast, asked the concierge if that man that had engaged their rooms was coming.

"Yes," said the concierge, "he is coming to-morrow."

"Then," said Viola, "Arno and I will try to find some other place where we can live to-day."

They left the key in the lodge as usual, and went out together. They directed their steps toward the stall. It seemed to them a matter of course that they were to go there first. Besides, they had a vague and undefined idea that they might find their father there, or, at least, hear some tidings of him.

"If we could only get our barrack* open," said Viola, "we might go on selling newspapers every day just as usual."

* The French name for such a stall as this is *baraque*.

A search for an apartment.

They meet with little success at first.

"So we could," said Arno. "I could go and buy the newspapers, and you could sit in the barrack and sell them."

"I suppose," continued Viola, "that we might get a locksmith to come, as father said about my chest, and open the door for us."

"Why don't we do that?" asked Arno.

"Because I am not sure that that would be best," replied Viola. "I am not sure what father would think about it."

"I think it would be a very good plan," said Arno.

"We will wait a few days, at any rate," said Viola, "and then, if father does not come, we will see."

The children waited some time at the stall, and at last Viola, finding that her father did not come, told Arno that it was time for them to go and look for a new apartment.

"Well," said Arno, "we will go; and we will do just as father did when we first came."

So they went back into the neighborhood of the house where they then lived, and began to look about for placards on the houses announcing apartments to let. For a time they met with no success. Sometimes the concierge of the house where they inquired, not supposing that they could pay for an apartment, would not pay any attention to them, except politely to say that he had none that would do for them. At other houses, the apartments that were to let were too large and too expensive; and at others still there was only one room, and Viola said that one room would not do.

"We must have two rooms," said she, "so that one may be ready for father when he comes home."

They find, at last, just what they want.A talk with the concierge.

At last they stopped before the great double door of a house where there was a placard saying "*A chamber and a closet to let on the fifth.*"

"That is just the thing," said Arno.

"Yes," said Viola. "Let us go in."

So they went in. The concierge, who was quite an old man, was sitting by the window of his lodge, smoking his pipe.

Viola accosted him by saying that they came to inquire about the chamber that was to let.

"What do you want it for?" asked the concierge, without taking the pipe out of his mouth.

"For ourselves," replied Viola.

"For yourselves?" repeated the concierge, in a tone of incredulity, as if he thought that the children were joking.

"Yes, sir," said Arno, "for ourselves and for father."

"Ah! you have got a father, then," said the concierge. "Where is he?"

"We don't know where he is now," said Viola, "but we expect he will come pretty soon."

"And, in the mean time, he sent you to inquire for an apartment for him. Has he got any money to pay the rent, if I let him the apartment?"

"Oh, I'll pay the rent," said Viola. "I've got the money."

"Let us see your money," said the concierge.

"I have not got it here," said Viola; "but I can get it."

"Very well," said the concierge; "you go and get the money, and let me see. You would have to pay in advance, you know,

The rent is fourteen francs.

A consultation.

unless you have got some furniture to put in. Has your father got any furniture?"

"No, sir," said Viola; "only my chest."

"Only your chest," repeated the concierge. "Then it will be better for you to pay in advance. If you will go and get your money and show it to me, or bring your father here, then I will let you have the apartment."

"How much will it be?" asked Viola.

"For a fortnight it will be fourteen francs," said the concierge. "It is a very pretty room, and a nice little closet with a bed and a window in it."

"That would be just right for *me*," said Viola.

"Yes," replied the concierge, "that would be exactly right for you. Go and get the money, or bring your father."

So the children went away.

"Now," said Viola, "we must go to the banker's."

"Do you think that the banker will give us any money if we go alone, without father?" asked Arno.

"Perhaps he will," said Viola. "At any rate, that is the best thing we can do."

"Have not you got some money in your chest at home?" asked Arno.

"Yes," replied Viola, "but I have not got enough."

"Then the best thing that we can do will be to go to the banker's, I am sure," said Arno. "But how much money are you going to get, Viola?"

"Fourteen francs," said Viola.

They conclude to draw on the banker.

The Bourse.

“I think you had better get more than that,” said Arno.

“Why, the man said fourteen francs,” replied Viola.

“Yes, for the rooms,” said Arno, “but we might want some money for something else. We shall want some money to buy our breakfast and dinner with.”

“True,” said Viola. “Then I’ll get more. I’ll get twenty francs.”

“I’d get more than that,” said Arno.

“Would you?” said Viola. “Then I’ll get twenty-five.”

The children talked together in this way as they walked on toward the banker’s. It was quite a long distance that they had to go, though the way was pretty straight. The banker’s office was in a part of the town where there was a very large public building standing in the middle of an open square. The building was very magnificent. It had rows of lofty stone columns on each of the four sides of it.

This building is called the Bourse. In English it would be called the Exchange. It is the place where the merchants, and brokers, and bankers are accustomed to meet every day to make bargains about their money, and do all their business with each other. They carry little note-books in their hands to note down the bargains that they make.

When Viola and Arno came near the Bourse, they saw long trains of men pouring into it through all the approaches. These men were the merchants and bankers. There were eight little gates outside, leading through what seemed to be toll-houses, built on the corners in front of the Bourse. Every one that went in

In the banker's office.Conversation with the clerk.

by these gates was obliged to pay a franc. There were men stationed at the gates to receive the money.

"Perhaps our banker is among these men going to the Bourse," said Arno.

"Perhaps he is," replied Viola.

"And if he is, then we can't get our money," said Arno.

"Oh, perhaps we can," said Viola. "We won't borrow any trouble about that. We will wait and see."

So they went on till they reached the banker's office, and then Viola led the way in. The clerks seemed to recollect them. One of them—one whose desk was nearest to the place where they entered—accosted them, saying,

"Ah! children, how do you do? You come without your father this time. Wait a minute, and I shall be at leisure to attend to you."

So the children waited. The clerk was busy writing and talking with a gentleman. Presently, when he seemed at leisure, Viola asked him if the banker who had her father's money was in the office.

"No," said the clerk, "he has gone to the Bourse. Why? Do you want some money?"

"Yes, sir," said Viola.

"Very well," said the clerk, "I will attend to you in a moment."

Viola had intended to give the banker an account of the reason why she had come for money without her father. She was going to tell him about her father having disappeared, and about their

Viola's uncertainty.It is altogether unnecessary.

being obliged to move from their apartment and find another one, and the necessity of their paying for the new apartment in advance, as their father had done before. She now thought that, as the banker was out, it would be best for her to explain all these things to the clerk. She thought that he would be satisfied with these explanations, and would be willing to let her have the money, though she felt some solicitude about it, not knowing certainly how her account of the necessities of the case would be received. She was particularly uncertain in respect to what the clerk would think about allowing her to take the surplus over and above the fourteen francs, which Arno had advised her to ask for.

But all this anxiety was entirely unnecessary; for, when you deposit money with a banker, he has nothing to do with the reasons why you wish to draw it out again. Whether the reasons are bad or good, it is nothing to him. It is your money, and not his, that you deposit with him, and he is bound to pay it back to you whenever you ask for it.

It is true that this money belonged to Pierre, and not to Viola; but Pierre had given directions, when he was at the banker's before, that they were always to pay to Viola whatever she should call for, so that Viola's coming for the money was just the same, so far as the banker was concerned, as if Pierre came himself.

Undoubtedly, if the banker had been at home, and if Viola had explained to him the circumstances under which she was placed, and had asked his advice in respect to how much money it would be best for her to draw, and what it would be best for her to do, he would have advised her. But then, in giving her this counsel,

Her application to the clerk.It is promptly responded to.

he would have acted in the capacity of a friend, and not of a banker. As a banker, he would have nothing to do whatever in the case but to pay the money whenever Viola called for it.

“How much money do you want?” asked the clerk, going on, however, all the time with his writing.

“Why, I thought we had better have about twenty-five francs,” said Viola. “You see we want—”

The clerk, without waiting for the rest of the sentence, here went away to the back side of the room, with some papers which he had just finished preparing. Presently he came back to his desk, and began to write again, saying at the same time,

“Twenty-five francs, you say?”

“Yes, sir,” replied Viola, “because—”

“In one moment,” said the clerk.

Viola, observing that the clerk was very busy writing, was silent, thinking that she would wait, before she finished her explanations, until the clerk was at leisure to attend to her.

There was a table in the office near the place where Viola and Arno were standing. After writing a moment, the clerk laid a paper down upon a corner of this table, and handed Viola a pen, saying,

“There, my young lady, sign your name there.”

Viola looked at the paper, and saw that it was a receipt for twenty-five francs.

After she had signed the receipt the clerk came and took it away, and then, in a few minutes, he came again, bringing five large silver coins, each about as large as a dollar. These were

Viola draws twenty-five francs.They return to the concierge.

what are called five-franc pieces. Of course, as there were five of them, the value was twenty-five francs, exactly the amount which Viola had asked for.

Viola was quite surprised to find that the money came so easily, and without her having been obliged to give any explanations whatever in respect to the circumstances that led her to want it. So she told the clerk that she was very much obliged to him, and then she and Arno went away.

They returned immediately to the house where they had found the lodging. They went directly to the door of the porter's lodge.

"Well," said the porter, or the concierge, whichever you choose to call him, "have you brought the money?"

"Yes, sir," said Viola. "See!"

Viola had taken out three of her five-franc pieces, and had them ready in her hand. She held up her hand to show the money to the concierge.

"Ah! yes," said he, "that makes fifteen francs. That is one franc more than enough. Now that I know what I have got to depend upon, I will go up with you and show you the apartment."

So the children followed the concierge up stairs to the fifth story, and there he showed them the rooms. They were very pleasant little rooms indeed. Viola thought that they were pleasanter than the ones they had before. One of them was of pretty good size, but the other—the closet, as it was called—was very small. Still, it was large enough, Viola said, for her. It had a bed in it,

An examination of the apartment.They take it, and pay in advance.

and a window. There was a neat little table near the window, with a small looking-glass upon it. There was also a chair by the side of the table.

There were very pretty curtains to the bed, and at the end of the bed there were some pegs in the wall to hang clothes upon.

The other room was, of course, much larger than this, and it contained a fireplace. There was a bed too, though the bed was in a little recess, which could be shut by means of a double door. When these doors were shut, you would not know that there was any bed there.

There were some other doors about the room which looked as if they opened into closets, but Viola did not look into any of them while the concierge was there. She was satisfied with what she had already seen, so she said that she would take the apartment. She gave the concierge the three five-franc pieces, and he gave her back one franc for change. Thus the affair was settled.

Viola and Arno then went back to their former lodging to get their clothes and other things.

“And how are we going to get the chest moved?” said Viola, in talking with Arno about it on the way.

“We must get a commissioner to carry it for us,” said Arno.

A commissioner, in Paris, is a sort of street porter or general servant, who has a stand at the corner of a street, and is ready at all times to do any thing for any body that calls upon him. He has a sort of frame which he can strap upon his back, and, by means of it, can carry trunks, boxes, loads of wood, bags, bundles, or any thing else that his employer may want him to carry.

An arrangement for bringing their chest.A conveyance for Whisker.

“We should have to pay the commissioner some money,” said Viola, “and I would rather save the money, if I can.”

“Then we must carry it ourselves,” said Arno.

“It is too heavy for us to carry when it is full of clothes,” said Viola; “but perhaps we could carry it if it was empty. We might take out all the clothes, and tie them up in bundles, and carry them first, and then afterward we might carry the chest.”

“Are there handles?” asked Arno.

“Yes,” said Viola, “there are very nice handles, one at each end.”

The children resolved to adopt this plan. So they went home and tied up their clothes, and books, and all their other things in bundles, and then carried the bundles to the new lodging. Afterward they came back for the chest. Being empty, it was now light, and they found that they could carry it very easily. They put Whisker inside.

They brought down the key of their room with them when they came down with the chest, and gave it to the concierge. He said that it was very well.

When they reached the house where their new lodging was, the concierge, seeing them come in with such a chest, said that he would carry it up stairs for them; so he did. He put it on his shoulder and took it right up. Of course, they took Whisker out first. Arno carried her up in his arms.

The concierge sat down a few minutes when he had put down the chest, and began to make inquiries of the children about their father.

Viola tells the concierge about her father.

His supposition of an accident, and advice.

"Where did you tell me your father was?" said he.

Viola then related to the concierge the story of her father's disappearance. The concierge seemed to think it very mysterious what had become of him, until, at length, Viola accidentally mentioned that her father was blind.

"Ah! he is blind, is he?" asked the concierge.

"Yes," said Viola; "he can not see at all."

"Then," said the concierge, "he may have met with some accident in the street. He may have got hurt."

"And if he got hurt," said Viola, "would not they bring him home?"

"No," said the concierge, "they would probably take him to some hospital until he got well. But then he would send home to inquire about you, and to let you know where he was. Did you leave word at your old lodging where you were going to move to?"

"No, sir," said Viola, "we did not think of that."

"Then you had better do that forthwith," said the concierge.

"We will," said Viola. "We will do it the first thing to-morrow morning."

"What are your names?" asked the concierge.

"My brother's name is Arno," said Viola, "and my name is Viola."

"And where did you get this money?" asked the concierge, "since your father was not there to give it to you."

"I got it at the banker's," said Viola.

Money matters should not be trusted in the hands of entire strangers.

“The banker’s?” repeated the concierge, a good deal surprised.
“What banker’s?”

The concierge, like others of his profession, sometimes felt a good deal of curiosity about the affairs of his lodgers, and in the case of Viola and Arno he felt even more than usual. But Viola was not much disposed to gratify his curiosity, especially as her father had often told her and Arno that the less they allowed strangers to know about their money affairs the better. So she simply replied to his question that it was the banker’s where her father kept his money.

“Has your father got much money at the banker’s?” asked the concierge.

“I don’t know how much,” said Viola.

“And can you get any more there?” asked the concierge.

“I don’t know,” replied Viola. “I don’t know whether he would give me any more or not.”

“Well,” said the concierge, after a pause, “I think, at any rate, you had better go, the first thing to-morrow morning, and leave word at the other house where you are.”

“Perhaps we had better do it to-night,” said Viola.

“Yes,” said the concierge, “that will be better. The sooner you do it the better, so as to be in season.”

Viola determined to go back and leave word with the other concierge where she and Arno were, as soon as she had put her clothes in her chest, and arranged things a little in her rooms. So she began to open her bundles, and Arno assisted her to put the things away.

The closets in their apartment.

The hang-up closet.

The kitchen closet.

"Here are some doors about the room," said Arno. "Let us look into them and see where they lead."

"Very well," said Viola. "You may open them while I am arranging the things in my chest, and tell me what you see."

So Arno began to open the closet doors, and to describe to Viola what he found, while she was busy in her little room arranging her chest.

"There's a closet," said Arno, "that has nothing in it."

"Is it a shelf closet or a hang-up closet?" asked Viola.

"It is a hang-up closet," said Arno.

"I am glad of that," said Viola. "Father can hang up his hat and coat there."

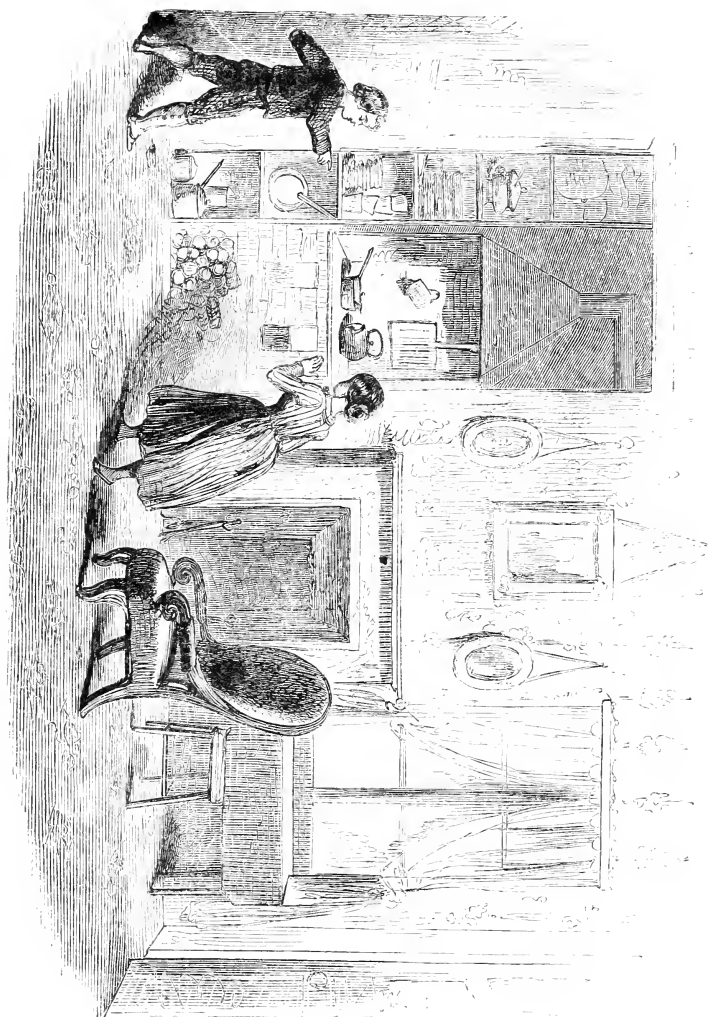
"And now here is a closet full of plates, and cups, and saucers," continued Arno.

"Ah!" exclaimed Viola, "that is just what we want. I'll come and see them presently."

"And now, here—oh, Viola!" continued Arno, "here is the cunningest closet you ever saw. It is a little kitchen all by itself."

Viola immediately came out of her room to see what Arno had discovered. It was indeed a kitchen in a closet, as you will see by the engraving.

The closet was by the side of the fire. On opening the door of it, a sort of range was seen forming a kind of shelf, about as high as an ordinary table. The range was made of masonry. You can see it in the engraving. In it there were set two small circular grates, like the grates of a portable furnace. These little



KITCHEN IN A CLOSET.

Description of the kitchen closet.A visit to their former lodging.

grates were to contain charcoal fires, and the vessels for cooking were to be placed over them.

Below were cavities for the ashes to fall through, with little sliding sheet iron doors in front, to take out the ashes by. Above was a sort of funnel chimney, which communicated with a flue in the wall, to carry off the fumes and the steam.

Viola went to look at this little closet kitchen, and she was very much pleased with it indeed. There was a tea-kettle over one of the grates, and a saucepan over the other. There were two or three other cooking utensils hanging up behind.

"What a nice little kitchen!" said Viola. "I like it very much indeed. I can boil the tea-kettle, and make tea, and bake apples, and fry cakes, and do any thing else I please. See, I can broil a beef-steak, for there is a gridiron."

Viola, as she said this, pointed to a gridiron which was hanging up in the back part of the opening.

After thus spending some time in admiring the various accommodations which the apartment afforded, and in arranging their clothes, books, and other property in it, Viola told Arno that it was time for them to go to their former lodging, in order to leave word with the concierge where they were, in case their father should send there to inquire for them.

"It is almost six o'clock," said she, "and it will be dark before we get back, if we do not go now."

"Very well," said Arno; "we will go now."

In the mean time, Pierre lay still a sufferer on his bed in the

Pierre at the hospital.He desires that word be sent to his children.

hospital, where he had been carried when he met with the accident. The first thing which he did when he came to his senses, and found where he was, and what had happened to him, was to ask the attendant in the room to send a messenger to tell his children where he was.

“My poor children are all alone,” said he, “and they will not know what has become of me, nor what they are to do. Send a messenger to tell them that I have got hurt a little, but that I shall soon be well, and then I shall come home again.”

“Yes,” said the attendant, “I will.”

“And ask them to come here and see me,” continued Pierre, “and I will tell them what they are to do.”

“Yes,” said the attendant again, “I will.”

Pierre ought to have given the attendant a little money to pay the messenger for going; but, being in pain at the time, he did not think of that, and so the attendant paid very little regard to the commission which Pierre had given him, and in a short time forgot all about it.

After a while Pierre began to feel more easy, and at length he fell asleep. He did not wake up until late in the evening. The first thing that he thought of when he woke was the children.

“Have my children been here?” he asked, eagerly.

“Not yet,” said the attendant.

“Did you send a messenger to them?” asked Pierre.

“Yes,” said the attendant. “They’ll come by-and-by. Shut up your eyes and go to sleep again.”

It was not true that the attendant had sent for the children;

He hears nothing from them.The facts in the case.

but there are many people who seem to think it is right to say any thing to sick people, whether it is true or false, that tends for the moment to quiet their minds ; but it seems to me that this is very wrong.

Pierre was very uneasy all night about his children. He was not fully conscious of the circumstances of the case, for he lay most of the night in a state of half sleep and half stupor, which prevented his thinking of any thing very distinctly. Still, there was all the time a vague and undefined sense of anxiety on his mind, though, of course, there was nothing that he could now do until the morning. In the morning he was better, and again the first thing that he thought of when he came to himself was the children.

It was near the middle of the day, however, before he could really get the attendant to send the messenger off. Pierre did not believe that any body had been sent the day before, but he had too much good sense to say so ; so he simply asked the attendant to send another messenger.

“There must have been some mistake about the messenger that you sent yesterday,” said he, “so I want you to send another. I will pay him well, and you too. I have got plenty of money.”

“Ah ! well,” said the attendant, “I’ll send one forthwith.”

“Bring him here first,” said Pierre, “and let me give him his message.”

So the attendant brought a sort of commissioner in to Pierre’s bed-side. Pierre gave him the message in a very precise and par-

A commissioner at last is sent to the street of the Three Little Mugs.

ticular manner. He gave him the number in the street of the Three Little Mugs where the house was, and told him also in what part of the house the apartment was situated.

“But then,” said he, “of course you will stop and inquire of the concierge. But don’t leave the message with him. Go up stairs to my apartment, and find the children, and tell them how it is. But don’t tell them I am much hurt. Tell them I am only a little hurt, for that is true. Tell them that I shall soon be well. And bring them here with you to see me.”

The commissioner promised to do the business faithfully, according to the directions which Pierre had given him. He went to the house where Pierre had lodged, but, unfortunately, he did not get there until about half an hour after Viola and Arno had carried away the last of their things, and had given up the key of the apartment to the concierge, without, however, telling him where the new lodging was which they had taken.

Accordingly, when the commissioner arrived at the house and inquired for the children, the concierge told him that they had gone away.

“Gone away!” exclaimed the commissioner.

“Yes,” said the concierge; “their time was up, and they have gone away.”

“Where have they gone to?” asked the commissioner.

“I don’t know any thing about it,” replied the concierge. “They did not tell. They told me that they had got a new lodging, and they carried off all their goods and chattels, and that is all I know about it.”

The commissioner goes back.Disappointment felt by Viola and Arno.

The commissioner, who was an honest and a kind-hearted man, was very sorry to hear this, but he did not see what more he could do; so he went back to the hospital, and reported to Pierre the answer which the concierge had given him.

It was only about half an hour after he had gone when Viola and Arno arrived at the house, in pursuance of their plan of leaving their new address with the concierge of their former apartment. As soon as the concierge saw them coming, he exclaimed,

“Ah! children, here you are! There has been somebody here for you—somebody from your father.”

“Somebody from father?” cried out Viola. “Where is father?”

“He is safe,” said the concierge.

“Where is he?” asked Viola and Arno, eagerly, in the same breath.

“Oh, he is safe,” replied the concierge. “He is in a hospital. You see, he got hurt a little, and they carried him to a hospital. But he is getting well. He will be well in a few days.”

“But where is he?” asked Viola. “Where is the hospital that he is in?”

“I don’t know,” replied the concierge. “The man that came did not tell me. He wanted to know where you were, but I could not tell him; I did not know.”

“We came to tell you now where we were,” said Viola.

“It is a pity you did not come an hour ago,” said the concierge.

They resolve to wait quietly.Pierre's reflections in the hospital.

The children were very sorry that they had thus missed learning where their father was, but, of course, they were greatly rejoiced to know that he was safe, and that he would be well in a few days.

"We can get along very well for a few days," said Viola to Arno.

"Yes," said Arno, "very well indeed."

So they told the concierge where they were now lodging, naming both the street and the number in a very distinct and emphatic manner. Viola asked the concierge, too, to be particular not to forget it. He assured them that he would not, and he promised to tell the messenger where it was exactly, in case Pierre should send again.

It would have been much better, however, to have left the address in writing.

When the commissioner carried back word to the hospital of the failure of his attempt to find the children or to communicate with them, at first Pierre was greatly troubled.

"My poor children!" he exclaimed, "what will become of them? They will starve in the streets."

On reflection, however, he was satisfied that the lives of the children could not, after all, be in much danger. Children are not left to starve in the streets in a city so well regulated as Paris. Long before they come to such an extremity as that, they are sure to be taken by the police to some hospital or place of refuge where their wants can be supplied.

He resolves to keep a quiet mind.

“I am sure that they will not starve,” said Pierre to himself, “and I don’t believe that any other great evil can befall them. They can take pretty good care of themselves, I think, and if they can not they will find somebody to take care of them, or, at least, to tell them what to do ; and, at any rate,” continued Pierre, “if I lie here, and fret and worry myself about them, it will only prevent my getting well, without doing them the least good. So I will leave them quietly in God’s hands. He takes care of the sparrows, and I am sure he will take care of them.”

After saying this, Pierre whispered a prayer to Almighty God, supplicating him to watch over and protect the children until he himself should be well enough to go and find them, and then shut up his eyes and went to sleep.

Viola and Arno think of opening the stall again.

CHAPTER VII.

SEARCHING THE HOSPITALS.

THE children waited a few days, and then Viola began to think that it would be best for them to get a locksmith to come and open their stall.

"As it is now," she said to Arno one morning, as they were taking their breakfast together at a creamery, "we are spending father's money very fast, and we are not doing any thing to earn any more."

"So we are," said Arno.

"But, if we had our stall open," continued Viola, "we could sell papers again, and so earn money. You could go to the offices and buy the papers, and I could sell them."

"Yes," said Arno, "I could go and buy them just as well as not, if you would only tell me every time how many to buy."

"I *would* tell you how many to buy," said Viola. "Then, perhaps, we could sell papers enough to earn all the money that we shall want to spend, and so save all of father's money for him when he comes out of the hospital."

"Yes," said Arno, "I verily believe we can."

"There's another reason," said Viola, "why I think we had better open the stall. See if you can guess what it is."

"To prevent somebody else from getting into it," suggested Arno.

A good reason for it.

The locksmith.

Their success in selling papers.

“No,” said Viola, “I did not think of that; but I’ll tell you what the reason is. When father comes out of the hospital, and finds that we have left our old apartment, the first place that he will come to is the stall, and so the best way for us to find him will be to be there. Don’t you think that this is a good reason?”

Arno did think that this was an excellent reason, and so that very morning they went to a locksmith’s. They told the locksmith that they wanted a lock opened, and he sent his boy to open it for them. The boy took with him a number of curious instruments. Viola and Arno showed him the way to the stall, and he opened the lock without any difficulty. Viola was delighted to get into the stall again, and to take her seat on the little bench on the back side of it, as she had so often done before. The locksmith also fitted in a new key.

After this the children spent all their time at the stall, in the mornings and in the evenings, during the proper hours for selling the papers. The business, which they had lost in some measure by having the stall shut up so long, soon came back to them, and they made money pretty fast. After three days, Viola calculated that they were making as much as they wanted to spend, and perhaps a little more.

When they shut up the stall after the morning sales, they used to go away together and take walks about the town, always looking out carefully in every direction, wherever they went, to see if they could see their father. But they did not see him any where.

They wished very much to go into the hospitals, to see if they could not find their father in some of them, but they did not know

They begin to search for their father. The concierge of the hospital. The wrong day.

which of them to go into, nor did they know how to get in. There was one very large hospital near where they lived. It was, in fact, the one where their father was; but there was a great iron gate at the entrance, and an officer on guard there, in a little house like the toll-house of a bridge, and he looked as if he would not let any body go in.

"We might go and ask him if our father is in there, and if he would let us go in and see him," suggested Arno.

"I am almost afraid to go and ask him," said Viola.

"I am not afraid," said Arno. "He can't do any thing to me just for asking him a question."

"No," said Viola, "I am sure he could not."

"Then I'll go and ask him," said Arno. "You wait here, and I'll come back pretty soon and tell you what he says."

"No," replied Viola, "I'll go with you. We will both go together."

So they went together to the office where the concierge of the hospital kept guard of the gate. The concierge, being dressed in a uniform, and wearing, as he did, a very official air, looked quite formidable at a distance, but when Viola and Arno came up to the gate, he smiled upon them very kindly, and asked them what they desired.

"We want to know if our father is in this hospital," said Viola.

"Ah!" said the concierge, "I can not tell. And this is not the day. There is a regular day for the friends of the patients in the hospital to come and visit them."

They must come on Thursday.

The children go across the river.

"When shall we come?" asked Viola.

"On Thursday," said the concierge. "Come on Thursday, and you can go in and see."

The concierge was much interested in the appearance and manners of the children, and he would have questioned them more about their father, but just then some persons who were connected with the hospital came into his office, and began talking with him on business, and so Viola and Arno went away.

"After all," said Viola, as they walked along, "it is not certain at all that father is in this hospital."

"No," replied Arno, "there are so many hospitals in Paris."

"Let us go and see if we can find some other one," said Viola.

"Yes," said Arno. "We have got nothing to do until the time comes for selling the evening papers, and we may as well do that as any thing else."

So the children took their way across a bridge which led from the island to the main land on the south side of the river. They walked along a quay which bordered the river, looking out for any building which might seem to be a hospital. On one side of the quay were ranges of buildings four and five stories high, but none that looked like a hospital. On the other side was a parapet, that separated the quay from the river.

The children walked along on the parapet side. They stopped occasionally to look over. They could see the water of the river flowing rapidly along, with boats of all kinds going to and fro. Some of these boats were filled with wood, and others with charcoal. The charcoal in the charcoal-boats was piled very high,

The boats passing in the river.

Boys fishing.

Arno would like to join them.

the sides of the pile sloping toward the centre line like the roof of a house.

These boats were very large. There were a great many other small boats on the water. The shores near the water's edge were paved like the street, so as to make a tow-path along the margin, and here and there there was a landing, with steps going down.

In one place Arno saw some boys sitting by the margin of the water.

"Ah! Viola," said Arno, "see those boys down there fishing. Wouldn't you like to be a fishing there with them?"

"I don't care much about it," said Viola.

"I should like to be there very much," said Arno; "that is, provided I had a fishing-line."

After going along a little farther, Arno saw, at a short distance before him, an opening through the parapet, and a flight of stone steps leading down toward the margin of the water. At the head of this flight of stairs there was a small shop where a man had fishing apparatus of all kinds for sale. There were lines, poles, nets, hooks, sinkers—every thing, in short, which a boy could require.

"Ah!" said Arno, "I might get a fishing-line here if you would only let me have some money."

"I wish I could," said Viola; "but I don't think it would be best. You must wait till father comes back, and then some day you must ask him."

"Well," said Arno, speaking in a somewhat mournful but yet resigned tone of voice, "I will wait. But I wish you would stop

Inquiries at the shop.

The Garden of Plants.

The hospital Salpêtrière.

for me a moment at the shop, and let me look at the hooks and lines. That will not cost any money."

"Yes," said Viola, "I will stop. And while you are looking at the hooks and lines, I will ask the man about the hospitals. He may know of some near here."

Accordingly, while Arno was looking at the fishing-gear, Viola asked the man if there was any hospital in that part of the town.

"Yes," said the man, "keep on about half a mile, and you'll come to one of the largest hospitals in Paris. It is just beyond the Garden of Plants."

"Where is the Garden of Plants?" asked Viola.

"Why, I thought every boy and girl in Paris knew where the Garden of Plants was," said the man. "Keep along on this street nearly half a mile, and you will come to a great double gate leading into a garden. You'll see a great many carriages standing in the streets near by, and a great many people going in and out at the gate."

"Can *we* go in?" asked Arno.

"Oh yes," said the man, "any body can go in; and you'll find it a very curious place to see, I can assure you. It is full of animals — lions, tigers, bears, leopards, and hyenas, all alive and growling."

"Let's go in, Viola, and see them," said Arno.

"Yes," said the man, "you had better go in. You can go *through* the garden, in fact, and out at a gate on the farther side. That will bring you out very near the entrance to the Salpêtrière."

They continue on their route.

The gates of the garden.

What was seen within.

“What is the Salpêtrière?” asked Viola.

“Why, that is the great hospital that I told you of,” replied the man.

So the children, thanking the man for his information, went on. After proceeding about half a mile they came to the gates of the garden. There were a great many carriages standing along the sides of the streets near the entrance, and a great many people passing in and out at the gateway. Within, the children could see beautiful groves of trees and shrubbery, and beds and borders of flowers. There was a soldier, with his gun in his hand, walking to and fro by the gate, but he did not prevent any one from going in.

Viola and Arno stopped a moment and looked at the gate.

“Yes,” said Viola, “we can go in.”

So they walked directly in. They found themselves in a very large garden, with winding walks leading off in every direction among groves of trees and beds of beautiful flowers. The quarters, that is, the spaces devoted to trees and flowers that lay between these walks and roads, were inclosed in palings, and within them all sorts of animals were feeding. In some places there were goats, and deer, and lamas, and antelopes, and elks, and other such animals as are quiet and gentle in character, and feed upon grass and herbage. In other places, there were ponds of water with wild geese and wild ducks, and all sorts of water-fowl swimming in them or walking on the banks. There were immense buildings, too, in some parts of the garden, used for museums, and there were fountains with aquatic plants growing in the

The wonders they meet with.

Dens of wild animals.

The house of monkeys.

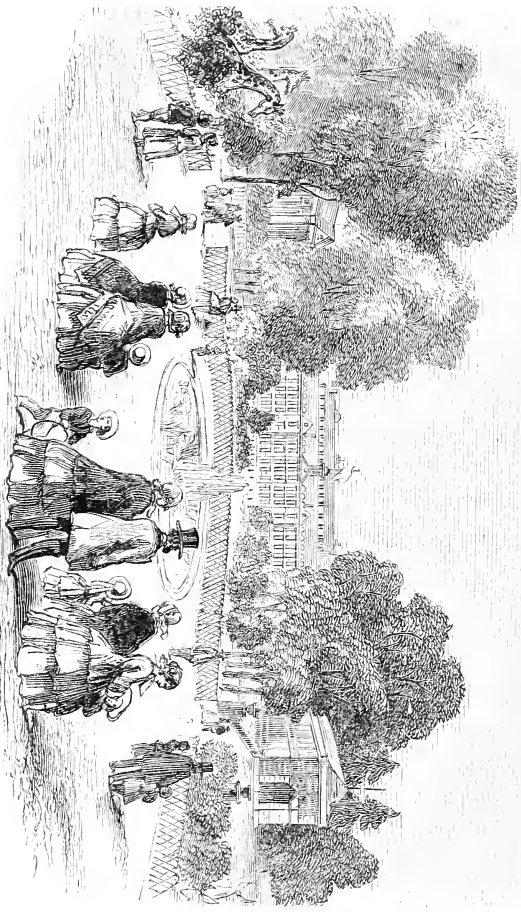
basins, and little parks near them where elephants, and camelopardes, and other monsters were feeding.

The children rambled about in these gardens for more than an hour. As they rambled, they were continually coming upon something new and wonderful. At one place they came to a long stone building, one story high, the front of which, for the whole length of it, was formed of bars of iron, and the interior was divided into cages for wild beasts of the ferocious kind. There were lions, tigers, leopards, panthers, and other such fierce and savage monsters. Some were lying down quietly in the corners of their dens, while others were walking restlessly to and fro.

A little farther on there was a range of sunken pits, with low walls built around at the top to keep people from falling in. These pits were the dens of bears. There were white bears in them, and black bears, and brown bears. The people above would throw down pieces of bread to these bears. The bears would sit up and hold out their fore paws as if to catch the bread, though if they caught it at all it was always with their mouths, and not with their claws. Their claws, it seems, were made to climb, and not to catch.

Then there was a great building as high as a three story house, full of monkeys. This building, however, was a cage rather than a house; for it was made of iron bars, and was open on every side, so that you could look in and see the monkeys at play.

Arno would have liked to remain much longer in the garden, but Viola was anxious to go on, in order to see if they could not get into the hospital.



THE GARDEN OF PLANTS.

The children pass out of the garden.

Description of the Salpêtrière.

"Why, Viola," said Arno, "I don't believe, even if we find the house, that they will let us in."

"Perhaps they will," said Viola. "At any rate, we will go and try. Only think, if we should get in, and should find father, how happy we should be."

The garden was so large that the children became entirely lost in it in the course of their rambles, and so they were obliged to inquire in order to find their way out. They inquired for the gate which would lead them out nearest to the Salpêtrière.

When they came out, they found themselves in a very wide street, with rows of trees on each side, and many large buildings, and great gateways to be seen on each side of it. After walking on a little way in this street, and looking about in vain for the hospital, Viola said she thought it would be better to inquire.

"I thought," said she, "that we should see it at once, as soon as we came into the street, if it is really as great a hospital as the man pretended."

The Salpêtrière is, in fact, a very great hospital. It is even greater than the man pretended, for it is not only one of the greatest hospitals in Paris, it is one of the greatest in the world.

In fact, it is a complete town by itself. It contains five or six thousand inhabitants. It covers a great extent of ground, and has within its inclosure a great number of squares, streets, promenades, gardens, ranges of buildings of great extent, and in the centre a church, larger and more complete in its arrangements than the churches of many a country town. Indeed, the great extent and magnitude of the establishment is the cause why it

The avenue leading to the gates.

The children are accosted by an English lady.

does not make more show on the street. You see little from the street except the external walls.

Viola, after looking about for some time in vain, at last inquired of an infirm old woman who was sitting on a bench under some trees which was the way to the Salpêtrière.

"Turn to the left there, in the middle of that little grove," said the woman, "and you will see an avenue that will take you right up to the gates."

Viola and Arno followed the directions of the old woman, and soon came to the gates. On each side of the gates were small stone buildings that looked like porters' lodges. Beyond these a high wall extended each way. This wall seemed to be the inclosure of the grounds.

Through the gate the children could see streets, and courts, and rows of trees, and long ranges of lofty buildings. While they were hesitating whether to apply to the porter for permission to go in, a carriage drove up to the place.

The door of the carriage opened, and first a gentleman and then a lady stepped out. The gentleman stopped to pay the coachman his fare, while the lady stepped over to the little sidewalk where the children were standing.

"Well, children," said she, "how do you do?"

She smiled kindly upon the children as she said this, but they observed that she did not speak very plain French. The truth was that she was an English lady, and so she spoke French with somewhat of a foreign accent.

"Are you going into the hospital?" said the lady.

Their conversation.

A passport necessary.

The lady's supposition.

"We should like to go in very much," said Viola. "We want to see if our father is there."

"Your father?" asked the lady.

"Yes, madam," said Viola. "He has got hurt, and is in some hospital. We don't know where, but we thought it was possible that he might be here."

Just then the gentleman, having paid the coachman his fare, came up, and the lady said something to him in English. The children did not understand what she said, nor did they understand the gentleman's reply.

"You can't go into this hospital to-day," said the lady, again addressing the children and speaking in French, "unless you have a passport. Have you got a passport?"

"No, madam," replied Viola. "Father *had* a passport when he came to Paris, but I do not know where it is."

"Because this is the day for foreigners only to visit the hospital," added the lady, "and they must come with their passports. And besides—"

Here the lady interrupted herself, and turned to speak to the gentleman in English again. The children could not understand what she said, but it was this:

"I believe this is a hospital for aged and infirm women only, and if that is the case, the children will assuredly not find their father here."

"I believe so too," said the gentleman.

"Nevertheless, let us take them in with us. Our passport will be enough for all the party. I should like to have them go with

She thinks this hospital is for women only.They all, however, go in.

us, they are such nice, pretty-looking children. Besides, it will be a good French lesson for me, talking with the girl."

The gentleman acceded to this proposal, and then the lady invited Viola and Arno to go into the hospital in their party.

"I don't think that you will find your father here," said the lady, speaking now in French again, "but it will do no harm for you to go in and see. I *believe* that they only have women in this hospital."

Viola said that she and Arno would be very glad to go in, and so they all went together into the office.

The porter conducted them in through one or two other rooms to an inner office, where there were several desks, and a great many books and papers. Here the gentleman presented his passport to an officer, and the officer entered the name of the gentleman in a book. Then he appointed an attendant to go the rounds with the party and show them the hospital.

There were a great many ranges of buildings, and courts beyond courts among them, in an endless complication. The party went through a number of these buildings. In some there were long rooms, with two or three rows of beds extending along the whole length of them, each bed having a poor sick woman in it. The beds looked very clean indeed, and they were hung with nice white curtains; but the poor women who were in them looked so sick and sorrowful that Viola pitied them with all her heart. As she passed along the room, walking with Arno behind the gentleman and lady, she looked upon the patients in the beds with a countenance full of anxious concern.

Visiting the apartments of the patients.The kitchen and laundries.

"I suppose it is in some such a room as this," said she, in a whisper, to Arno, "and in a bed like these, that father is now."

"The beds look very nice and soft," said Arno.

"Yes," said Viola; "but see how sorrowful the poor women look that are in them."

After this the party came to other rooms, where the people looked pretty well, though they were old and infirm. In these rooms the inmates were sitting up in little groups together between the beds or at the windows, and were employed, some in knitting, some in sewing, and some in mending the linen belonging to the establishment. The beds were made up here, and they looked very fresh and nice.

"Ah!" said Viola, when the party came into the first room of this kind, "I like this room a great deal better than the other."

"So do I," said Arno; "and, more than that, I believe that it is such a room as this that father is in."

"What makes you think so?" asked Viola.

"Because I think he has got almost well of his hurt by this time."

"Perhaps he has," said Viola.

"I am pretty sure he has," said Arno.

In farther rambling about the hospital, the party came at length to immense kitchens, where the cooking for the whole five thousand people contained in the establishment was carried on, and also to the laundries where the washing was done. There were vast caldrons where the clothes were steamed, and long ranges of square cisterns used as tubs, and, in the ironing-rooms, piles and

The lady's supposition is found to be correct.In the street again.

piles of sheets, and towels, and pillow-cases, higher than a man's head. But Viola and Arno were very little interested in these things. They were only anxious to find their father.

At one time, while they were going across an open square like a mall, where there were a great many feeble-looking old women walking about upon crutches, or sitting on benches under the shade of the trees, the lady turned to Viola and said,

"You see that they seem to be all *women* in this hospital."

"Are there not any men at all?" asked Viola.

"I believe not," replied the lady. "I will ask our attendant."

So the lady spoke to the attendant, who was walking at a short distance before them, and asked him if there were any men in that hospital.

"No," said he, "it is only for women."

Viola said that she was very sorry to hear that, for now she could not hope to find her father there.

"But never mind, Arno," she said; "I am glad we came, at any rate, for now we know what good care they take of the sick people in the hospitals, and how comfortable they are."

Not long after this the party finished their visit, and then they passed out through the office into the street again. The lady, in bidding the children good-by, said that she was going to leave town the next day, or she would do something to help them find their father.

"But as it is," said she, "all I can do for you is to give you some money."

"Oh no, madam," said Viola, "that is not necessary. We

The gentleman and lady bid the children good-by.The litter.

have got plenty of money. But we are very much obliged to you for letting us go with you into this hospital. It comforts us very much to see how nice the beds look, and what good care they take of all the sick people."

The gentleman and lady walked down the little avenue which led to the gates of the hospital until they came to the main street, and then, bidding the children good-by, and telling them to keep up a good heart, they got into a carriage, which the gentleman called from the stand, and rode away. The children began to walk back toward their home.

"That gentleman and lady were very kind to us," said Viola.

"Yes," said Arno, "they were indeed."

"Especially the lady," added Viola.

"I wish every body would be as kind to us as that," said Arno.

"Almost every body is," replied Viola.

Just at this time, Viola, looking before her along the street, saw two men coming with something which they were bringing on a sort of bearer. This bearer was what is called a litter, and the men were bringing a sick woman upon it. They were conveying her to the hospital.

"What is that?" asked Arno.

"I can not imagine," replied Viola.

"It is some pretty heavy load that they are carrying," said Arno; "but we can not see what it is, because it is so covered up with that white cloth."

"No," said Viola; "I mean to ask this woman."

Description of the litter.The poor old woman.

The litter had a sort of frame-work over it, which was covered with a white cloth, forming a sort of awning, which entirely concealed the figure of the sick person from view. It was very proper to have an awning like this over the litter; for it would be extremely trying to a sick woman, if she had any consciousness remaining, to be subjected to the gaze of all the passers-by, in the public streets, on her way to the hospital.

The woman whom Viola determined to ask was one who was sitting on a bench under the trees on the margin of the sidewalk. She was old and infirm, and she seemed to be sitting there to enjoy quiet and repose.

“What is it they are carrying there?” asked Viola, addressing the old woman, and pointing at the same time to the litter.

“Ah!” replied the woman, with a sigh, “it is another poor creature, sick and unhappy, going to the hospital.”

Viola paused a moment, following the litter with her eyes, and wearing a countenance of great concern, and at length asked,

“Is that the way they always carry people to the hospital?”

“I suppose so,” replied the woman; “that is the way they carried me.”

“Then, Arno,” said Viola, speaking to Arno in a low and solemn tone, “that must have been the way they carried father.”

The children watched the litter until it turned in toward the hospital and disappeared from view, and then they began to walk slowly and thoughtfully along.

“We ought to go home now,” said Viola.

“Yes,” replied Arno, “I suppose we ought.”

The children comfort themselves as well as they can.

“It will be time to open our stall,” said Viola, “by the time that we get there.”

“Yes,” said Arno, “so it will.”

“We *may* find father there,” said Viola.

“Yes,” said Arno; “he said he should be out in a few days, and it is a few days now.”

“So it is,” said Viola. “We may see him now any day.”

“He would go first to our old place,” said Arno, “and there the concierge would tell him where we live now.”

“Unless the concierge has forgotten,” said Viola.

“Yes,” rejoined Arno; “but I hope he has not forgotten. It would be just like him to forget,” he added. “He never seemed to care any thing about us.”

“At any rate,” said Viola, “whenever father comes out, he will find us either at our room or at our stall; and, besides, we will keep a good look-out for him in the streets wherever we go.”

“So we will,” said Arno.

Arno was right in his surmise about the possibility that the concierge might have forgotten their new address. He had taken no pains to remember it, and he had long since forgotten it entirely.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PALACE GARDENS.

AT one time during the period while the children were looking about Paris for their father, they rambled into the quarter of the town where the royal and imperial palaces are situated. These palaces consist of many long ranges of buildings, built in and around gardens and great public squares. The gardens are not, as you might perhaps suppose, kept shut up and reserved exclusively for the emperor and empress, and the people of the court, but they are open to the public. Any body who is neatly dressed can go into them and walk about as much as he pleases.

The walks are very broad indeed, and in several places immense numbers of chairs are kept, which people can sit in if they choose. These chairs are kept by women, and you have to pay two or three cents for the privilege of sitting in them. After you have once paid your two or three cents, you can sit in your chair as long as you please.

There are a great many squares and borders filled with beautiful flowers. These flowers are so selected and arranged that there is a succession of them coming forward all the time. And thus, in every part of the year, excepting for a very short time in the middle of the winter, the garden seems to be in full bloom.

There are several large basins of water in the gardens, with fountains spouting up in the centre of them. There are almost

The garden of the Tuileries.

The clock pavilion.

The pavilion of Flora.

always boys at these basins, sailing their boats and vessels. They are the prettiest little boats and vessels that you ever saw.

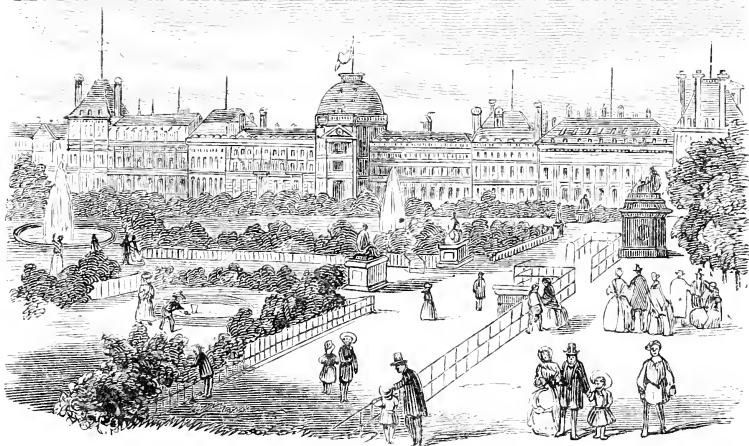
On the next page you see a picture of one of these gardens. It is one called the garden of the Tuileries. That is the palace of the Tuileries that you see on the farther side. Observe what a long and beautiful range of buildings it is! It is in this palace that the emperor resides when he is in Paris, and it is in the range of rooms on the right-hand side, where the high windows are, that he gives those magnificent receptions, parties, and balls that all the world like so much to go and see.

You will observe that some of the buildings of the palace have high and almost pointed roofs. Those parts are called pavilions. There is one of these in the middle, and one at each end. The middle one is called the clock pavilion, because there is a clock in the front of it, so that all the people in the garden may see what o'clock it is. This is very important, for there are always a great many children in the gardens, and nurses with babies in their arms, who have been allowed to go there for a certain time; and were it not for this clock on the centre pavilion of the palace, they would not know when it was time for them to go home.

The pavilion on the right-hand side, near the edge of the picture, is called the pavilion of Flora. It is in this part of the palace that the private apartments of the royal or imperial family are situated.

Besides the three high pavilions, there are two low pavilions, one in each wing. The main entrances to the palace are round upon the other side, where there is a large open court or area, in

View of the gardens of the Tuileries.Immense number of carriages.



GARDENS OF THE TUILERIES.

which hundreds of carriages can stand at a time. There are sometimes five thousand people at one of the emperor's balls, and you can well imagine that for five thousand people to come in carriages in the course of one or two hours, a great space would be required for the carriages to come and go.

Although the gardens of the Tuileries are *open* to the public,

Police arrangements in the gardens.How the gardens are cleared at night.

as I have already said, they are not *abandoned* to the public, but are very carefully watched and guarded. Soldiers stand sentry at all the gates, and there are policemen always on duty within, to prevent any possible disorder, or any damage to the trees or flowers. It is true, there is very little need of this special watchfulness, for the French are so polite to one another, and so careful and considerate in all public places, that public property seems as safe in their hands as their own would be. Still, it is necessary to have a watch; for among the hundreds of thousands of people that come into the gardens every month, in the pleasant season of the year, there would, of course, be some evil-minded persons, who would be disposed to do damage if they were not pretty sure of detection and punishment.

The gardens are shut up at a certain hour every evening. The manner in which they are cleared when the hour comes is very curious. It is done by a long line of soldiers that are marched through from one end of the garden to the other, the people retiring before them.

The gardens of the Tuileries are inclosed by a very high iron palisade with gilded tips. This palisade is twice as high as a man's head, so that it would be impossible to get over it without a ladder. At intervals there are great double gates, also of iron. These gates are open by day and shut by night. Each one of them is guarded by a soldier.

Nearly all the palaces are situated near the river. There is a broad street between them and the river, with a low wall on the side of this street next the water. There are bridges at short in-

The view from the bridge.

The palaces.

The gate of the Tuileries.

tervals leading across from one side of the river to the other. It is beautiful to stand on one of these bridges and survey the magnificent spectacles which present themselves to view on every side. The beautiful quays, the long avenues of trees, the gardens, the varied and elegant floating structures on the water, the throngs of people and of carriages going and coming along the quays and over the bridges, and the long and magnificent ranges of the palace buildings, and other great public edifices which line the quays, form a panorama more imposing, on the whole, than is to be seen in any other city in the world.

Viola and Arno walked along together over one of the bridges which led toward the palaces.

“There,” said Viola, “those are the palaces. The emperor and the empress live in one of them.”

“In which one?” asked Arno.

“I don’t know,” said Viola; “but they live in one of them.”

After crossing the bridge the children reached the quay, and, turning there, they walked along in the direction which led toward the gate of the Tuileries. There were a great many people coming and going, and the children watched them all in hopes of seeing their father. They met several blind men, some led by a dog, and some by a little girl or boy, but none of them was Pierre.

At last they came to one of the gates that led into the gardens.

“Ah!” said Arno, “here is a gate leading into the garden, but I suppose they won’t let us go in.”

“No,” said Viola; “don’t you see the soldier who stands there to keep guard?”

The soldier on guard.

His formidable aspect.

The people in the garden.

It was true that the soldier looked somewhat formidable. He was walking backward and forward before the gate with his gun in his hands. The bayonet was set. It was highly polished, and it looked very sharp.

“I suppose,” said Arno, “that if any body should attempt to go into the garden, he would stick that bayonet right into them.”

Arno had scarcely spoken these words before the erroneousness of his idea was shown by his seeing a nursery-maid, leading one child by the hand, and having another with a hoop and a stick running along before her, pass right in through the gate without taking any notice of the soldier at all.

“Ah!” exclaimed Arno, “what does that mean? The people seem to pass directly in.”

In a moment more two gentlemen went in, and presently a gentleman and a lady. By looking between the iron palisades, too, Viola and Arno could see that the garden was full of company. Arno saw a number of children inside, who seemed to be playing with balls or with hoops along the walks. Some of these children had little rose-colored balloons, somewhat bigger than a man’s head, which they held by means of strings, and the balloon floated in the air, just above their heads, as they walked along.

“Viola,” said Arno, “I should like to go into that garden.”

“I don’t believe it would do any good,” said Viola, “for I don’t think we should find father there.”

“Perhaps we might,” said Arno. “*Perhaps.*”

“Then, besides,” said Viola, “I don’t believe that the soldier would let us go in.”

Arno speaks to the soldier.He is surprised at his courteous reply.

"I mean to go and ask him," said Arno, looking up, at the same time, into Viola's face, as if waiting for her consent to his proposal.

"Ain't you afraid to go and ask him?" said Viola.

"No," said Arno, "I am not afraid. I don't believe he will stick his bayonet into such a small boy as I am."

So Arno walked boldly up to the soldier, and asked,

"Can I and my sister go into this garden?"

"Certainly," said the soldier; "that is what the garden is made for. It is made and kept expressly for such children as you."

Arno was so much surprised at hearing this answer, and by the kind smile with which the soldier regarded him while he spoke it, that for a moment he was quite bewildered, and did not seem to know what to do. He gazed at the soldier, and at his sharp and glittering bayonet, with such an expression of wonder in his countenance, that the soldier continued to look at him as he walked to and fro.

"Then what do you have that gun and bayonet for?" asked Arno.

But, before he obtained an answer to this question, Viola came up to him, and took his hand to lead him in through the garden, according to the permission which the soldier had given them.

The children passed in through the gate together, and they were both extremely delighted with the view which presented itself before them as soon as they had got in. The garden was very large. In some parts of it there were extensive parterres of flowers, and

Viola and Arno in the garden.They see many objects of interest.

in others, there were what seemed to Viola and Arno quite large forests of lofty trees. On the borders of these groves, where the trees came next to the walks, the foliage was trimmed and shaven smooth, so that the walks seemed bordered by a lofty wall of green, which was very beautiful to behold.

There were a great many fountains, and statues, and other such ornaments in the garden, and also, in some places, there were long rows of orange-trees, growing in great square boxes mounted on wheels. These wheels were for the purpose of enabling the gardeners to move the orange-trees about, so as to place them in any part of the garden that they might desire.

After walking forward for some time, and wondering greatly at the various objects of interest which they saw, the children came to a place where there were a great many chairs, and a great many people sitting in them. Some of these people were gentlemen, who were employed in reading books or newspapers. Others were beautifully-dressed ladies, who were sitting, two or three together, engaged in conversation, or in watching the children that were playing in the walks before them, or in observing the dresses and the air of other ladies and gentlemen that from time to time walked by the places where they were sitting.

There were a great many children to be seen. Some of them were in the arms of their nurses, who were sitting in chairs under the trees, or along the margin of the parterres of flowers. A great many others were playing in the wide walks and other open spaces with hoops, and balls, and battledores and shuttlecocks, and with other such games.

The children at play.

Father Pierre not to be found.

Politeness of French children.

There was one place where the children were playing a play in which they had to dance round in a ring and sing a tune.

Viola and Arno stopped a few minutes to see the children play, and then Viola proposed that they should walk on.

“The garden is so large,” said she, “that we must keep walking on and looking diligently all the time, if we expect to find father.”

“Well,” said Arno, “I will go on, but I don’t believe that we shall ever find him here.”

“Nor do I either,” said Viola, with a sigh.

“I don’t think that this is such a place as he would be likely to come to,” said Arno.

“Nor do I,” said Viola.

They, however, walked on. Presently they came to a place where a small boy was trying to trundle a hoop. The maid that had the care of him was sitting near, knitting.

Viola and Arno stopped a moment to look at the boy. While standing thus, another child came up to Arno with a ball in his hand, and holding it out, he said,

“Will you play with me a little—rolling my ball?”

“Yes,” said Arno, “if Viola will wait for me.”

“Very well,” said Viola; “I will wait for you a few minutes.”

The children in the gardens of the Tuileries, if they are French children, are very kind and polite to each other, and mingle with each other, in their plays, in a very free and friendly manner. I met with a striking example of this myself a year or two ago. I

An incident illustrative of their kindness.

went with some friends of mine to take a walk in the garden one pleasant summer afternoon, and, after rambling about for some time, we sat down together in some chairs near a large statue. Among the party were a lady and gentleman, who had their little daughter Mary with them. Mary was about four years old. She had a hoop, and also a ball to play with, and she amused herself in playing with them on the walk, while her father and mother sat talking together under the trees.

I saw at a distance a group of very genteel-looking and pretty girls playing together. When I first saw them they were dancing round in a ring.

“Mary,” said I, “would you like to go with me and see those children play, and dance round in a ring?”

Mary, being a little afraid of me, as I was almost a stranger to her, did not answer directly, but she nodded her head and put out her hand. So I led her out near to the place where the children were playing, and we stood there looking on. The children in the ring looked at us and smiled. Of course, we returned the smile. Almost immediately, the oldest girl in the ring, who was about ten years old, and seemed to be the leader, stopped the play, and, making an opening in the ring, she said to Mary, in a very kind and sweet voice, and in the politest manner,

“Would you like to play, young lady?”*

A princess in a fairy tale could not have said the words more prettily, or looked more charming than she did in saying them.

Mary looked abashed and did not reply.

* The words that she spoke were *Voulez-vous jouer, Mademoiselle?*



WOULD YOU LIKE TO PLAY, YOUNG LADY?

Mary can not speak French.The children can hardly realize it.

“Ah!” said I, in explanation and apology for not accepting the invitation, “we are *very* much obliged to you, but she can not speak French. She is an American child.”

The French girl hesitated an instant at hearing of this difficulty, and a slight shade of disappointment passed over her face; but immediately afterward her countenance brightened up again, and she said,

“That makes no difference, sir. She can play all the same.”*

So Mary went into the ring. The children immediately put her in the most prominent place in the ring, several of them telling her eagerly, but very kindly and politely, what she was to do. But Mary could not understand any thing that they said, because they spoke in French. It may seem strange to you that they should have attempted to make her understand in that way, when I had told them that she was an American girl, and understood only English. But the fact was, that, although I had told them that, they did not fully realize that it could be so. They seemed to have a feeling that if they spoke their French very distinctly, she could not but understand it. It sounded very plain to them, and they could not conceive that it could be so utterly meaningless as it was to her.

However, they very soon saw how it was, and with a great deal of tact and dexterity they changed Mary's place in the play, and gave her a part which she could easily perform. Indeed, she had only to do what she saw the others do.

Mary enjoyed the play very much indeed, and when at length

* *Ça ne fait rien, Monsieur. Elle peut jouer tout de même.*

They succeed in having a very good time together.

Arno counts the babies.

I said it was time for us to go, they bade her and me good-by in the politest manner imaginable, and said that they were very much obliged to me for allowing "the young lady to play with them"—as if they had been receiving instead of conferring a favor.

But now I must return to Viola and Arno.

Arno and the boy played with the ball a few minutes, and then Viola said that it was time for them to go. So they both went away.

Pretty soon they came to a place where there were a great many nurses sitting together in chairs under the trees, and with babies in their arms. These nurses were all very neatly dressed, and they had plump cheeks, and looked very buxom and healthy. The babies were all dressed very elegantly indeed.

"See, Viola! see!" said Arno; "what a multitude of babies!"

"Yes," replied Viola, "I never saw so many before."

"I mean to count them," said Arno.

So he began to count. He got up as high as twenty-seven, and then he was obliged to give it up; for, besides those who sat compactly together in the central group, there were others beyond in twos and threes, extending far along the alley; and then there were others coming and going.

"If they would all keep still," said Arno, "I could count them very well. But how do they expect me to count them when they keep moving about so, I should like to know?"

"I presume they don't expect you to count them at all," said Viola.

So they walked on. Presently, at a distance before them, near

The coffee-house in the garden.Arno thinks he is growing thirsty.

one side of the garden, they saw a building quite large in extent, although it was only one story high, which seemed to have a great many doors and windows, and a great many people moving to and fro about it.

“Let us go and see what it is,” said Arno.

So they went to the place, and found that it was a coffee-house. Along the front of it, out of doors, there were one or two rows of small round tables, with people sitting at them—both ladies and gentlemen—some eating ices, some drinking beer or wine, and some taking coffee.

“Ah!” said Arno, “now, if we had plenty of money, we would go and sit down at one of those little tables, and have some supper.”

“Yes,” said Viola, “we might, but I think we had better not. They would make us pay a great deal of money, I expect, for a supper at such a place as that.”

“Father might possibly be there,” said Arno. “He might go to play to the people while they are taking their coffee.”

“No,” said Viola, shaking her head, “I don’t think he would be there.”

“At any rate,” said Arno, “I wish I had some water to drink.”

The sight of any body drinking any thing generally had the effect to make Arno thirsty.

“Then we will go to one of the basins,” said Viola, “and you can get some water to drink.”

So the children turned their steps toward one of the great basins. They had to walk a considerable distance through the trees

The toy-vessels in the basin. The children pass out of the garden. The street outside.

before they came to it. The sheet of water, though called a basin, was really quite a large pond, and a number of boys were sailing little vessels in it.

Some of these boats or vessels were very pretty indeed. They were rigged as sloops and schooners, and they sailed very prettily to and fro over the surface of the water. Arno dipped up some of the water from the basin in his hand, and drank it; but he found, after all, that he was not very thirsty, and so he ceased drinking, and gave his attention wholly to the sailing of the vessels.

But Viola soon told him that it was time to go, and so they left the basin and walked on. They came soon to a gate which led out of the garden on the side opposite to the one where they had gone in. They had come in on the side from the water. They were going out on a side that was toward a wide and beautiful street.

This street was bordered on one side by the palisade of the garden, and on the other by a range of magnificent buildings, with arcades over the sidewalks below. Viola and Arno went out through the gate, though they had some difficulty in passing, on account of the throngs that were coming in.

There were great numbers of people, too, on the sidewalks, on both sides of the street. Viola and Arno fell in among these people, and walked along. There were a great many beautiful carriages passing along the street, which was as smooth and hard as the walks of the garden. These carriages were generally open, and they were filled with elegant and elegantly-dressed ladies and gentlemen, who were returning from the Bois de Boulogne, a fa-

The Bois de Boulogne.

The emperor's carriage.

Clearing the way.

mous park situated a few miles from Paris. Arno was so much taken with the horses that drew these carriages along, and with the elegant liveries of the coachmen and footmen, that Viola found it somewhat difficult to induce him to walk along.

Presently the children observed a sudden movement and excitement among the people that were passing. Some stopped and looked round. Others hastened to the edge of the sidewalk, and took a stand there. Others seemed to be hurrying this way and that, saying,

“He is coming!”

“What is it?” asked Viola, speaking to a woman near her, who was leading a little child along.

“The emperor,” said the woman; “the emperor is coming.”

So Viola and Arno hurried to the edge of the sidewalk to see. They had scarcely got to their places before they saw the escort. It consisted of a small party of horsemen, splendidly equipped and caparisoned, that came galloping along the street two and two, with drawn sabres in their hands, as if to clear the way. Immediately after them came the emperor's carriage. It was drawn by four beautiful white horses. There was no coachman, but the horses were driven by two postillions, one on the nigh horse of each pair.

The carriage was open, and the emperor was seated on the back seat. There was a gentleman, an officer of his household, seated by the side of him. The emperor bowed to the people on the sidewalk as he passed along, but the carriage went by so rapidly that it afforded to the spectators only a momentary glance.

He is returning to his palace.Appearance of the palace of the Tuileries.

Two other horsemen followed at a short distance behind the carriage, and, when they had gone, the people all began to move on.

“Where is he going?” asked Arno.

“He is going home to his palace, I suppose,” said Viola. “He has been out taking a promenade in the Bois de Boulogne.* He rides out there every day. Now he has gone home to his palace. He goes in through the court on the other side of the palace.”

“Let us go and see the place where he goes in,” said Arno.

Viola said that she was very willing to go; so she walked on, leading Arno by the hand, until she came to the end of the palace, where the street passed by it. The front which you see in the engraving is the garden front. There is another front on the other side which looks toward the great court, and, in order to go round to it, it is, of course, necessary to pass by the end of the range of buildings, either on the side toward the street, or on the side toward the river.

The children went on until they came to an immense arch, where a street, sidewalks and all, went through. The arch was double, and carts, carriages, and vehicles of every description were going through one and coming through the other of the divisions.

When the children had passed through they found themselves in an immense open square, which was surrounded on all sides with ranges of lofty and magnificent buildings. A large portion of this open space, that is, the portion that was toward the palace of the Tuileries, was railed off from the rest by a lofty iron pali-

* The word Bois is pronounced *Booah*, quick, as one syllable. It means *Wood*, or *small forest*.

The palace court.

Companies of soldiers in it.

The children return home.

sade. Viola and Arno went up and looked through the bars of this palisade to see what was inside.

This inclosed court, which belonged specially to the palace, though it was only a small portion of the whole square, was very large indeed. It was almost a quarter of a mile long, and nearly half as wide. There were several companies of soldiers within it, and a number of carriages at the different doors of the palace. On each side of it were wings extending out from the palace. In these wings are lodged the soldiers of the guard. The children could see the soldiers going in and out of the doors in these wings.

"I suppose they have these soldiers live here," said Viola, "so that they may be always ready to defend the emperor."

"Yes," said Arno, "I suppose they do."

"And now," said Viola, "I think we had better go home. I don't think we shall find father in any such places as these."

"Nor I either," said Arno.

So the children went on across the open square till they came to another great double archway which led through the range of buildings that was toward the river. As soon as they had passed through they came in sight of the bridges and of the river, and then they at once knew where they were. Indeed, they could plainly see at some distance below them the City island, and the two square towers of Notre Dame rising from among the roofs of it; and, taking these towers for their landmark, they went toward home.

A new companion.

Arno's dog.

Where they found him.

CHAPTER IX.

ROYAL.

ONE day, when the children were rambling round the streets of Paris looking for their father, and at the same time amusing themselves with the strange spectacles which every where met their view, they found a dog, or, rather, a dog found them. This dog afterward became a great friend and favorite. He became a greater favorite with Arno than Whisker was, though Viola continued to like Whisker the best. Perhaps this was because Whisker belonged to her, while the dog became the property of Arno.

The children named the dog Royal. They named him from the place where he came to them, which was in a celebrated palace called the Palais Royal.* You may perhaps wonder how such children as Viola and Arno could get into a palace; but the truth is that the Palais Royal, though still called a palace, is now no longer the residence of an emperor or a king, but is given up wholly to the public, and the apartments of it are divided into an infinite number of separate houses and shops, with coffee-rooms, reading-rooms, theatres, concert-rooms, and almost every other sort of establishment which can be imagined to attract the public there.

There is one thing very curious about this palace, and that is that it is built around a great open garden, and all the fronts are

* Pronounced *Pallay Royal*.

Description of the celebrated Palais Royal.

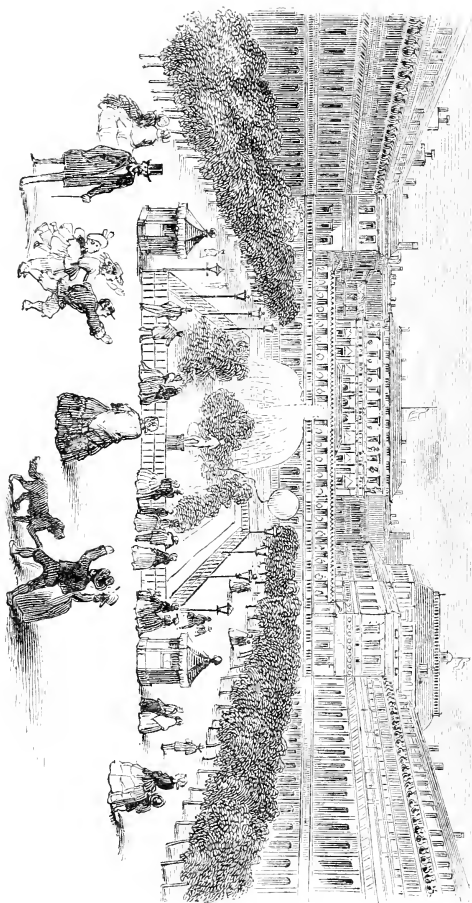
turned toward the garden, while it is only the backs that are turned toward the streets that surround it. Thus, in walking along the streets, you might go almost entirely round the whole of it, and never imagine that there was any palace there.

If, however, you stop and pass through under any of the arches or passage-ways that lead into the interior, you suddenly come upon a scene of great magnificence and splendor. You see a representation of it in the engraving. In the middle is a large and beautiful garden, with trees artificially trimmed, and broad walks full of gentlemen and ladies walking to and fro, and children playing, and large round basins of water, with fountains playing in the centre of them. Along the sides and ends of these gardens, are ranges of most magnificent buildings, with a covered walk all around formed by an elegant colonnade. You can go into the garden if you please, and see the children play, or play with them. There are plenty of stone benches along the sides next the colonnade, where you can sit down if you are tired; and if, on the other hand, you are hungry, there are little round tables and chairs where you can take your seat, and a nice waiter, with a snow-white apron, will come from a coffee-house close by, and bring you any thing you ask for.

This Palais Royal is open to all the world. There is no way by which carriages can come in to the interior part, which you see in the engraving; but people may walk in under the arcades, and then ramble all about wherever they please.

Viola and Arno came in at the farther end, as you see the palace in the engraving. If you look at the engraving again, you

THE PALAIS ROYAL.



The glass gallery.

People promenading.

The carriage court.

will see a fountain toward the farther end, and at some distance beyond the fountain you will see a range of buildings, two stories high, extending across from one side of the palace to the other. This is called a gallery. It is, in fact, very wide, though, on account of its being so far off, the width of it does not appear in the picture. The roof of this gallery is of glass, and there is a very broad passage-way that runs through the centre of it, with a row of brilliant shops, all full of the most beautiful things, on each side.

If there are any persons among your acquaintances who have ever been in Paris, you can show them this picture, and you will find, I presume, that they will remember this gallery and the shops in it, and they will perhaps be able to tell you of some of the beautiful things which they saw at the windows as they walked through.

In cold or rainy weather, this gallery is almost perfectly filled, sometimes, with persons promenading to and fro. It is large enough to contain some thousands at a time. It is like a street with a glass roof over it above, and a smooth floor instead of a pavement below.

The high buildings which you see beyond the gallery, and rising high above it—those where the flags are flying—all belong to the Palais Royal. They form the only part of the building which has a front toward the street. They are at a great distance beyond the gallery, and between them and the gallery there is a large court where carriages can drive in.

It was from that side that Viola and Arno came in. They

The sights in the gallery.Firing a cannon by a burning-glass.

came from the street without through an arcade, which led along the side of the court beyond the gallery. Thence they passed into the gallery, and began to walk through it, stopping every moment to look at the pictures, the playthings, the little images of men and animals, and the rings, pins, and jewelry that were displayed profusely in the shop windows.

When they had got half way through the gallery, they were opposite to a wide opening which led out into the garden. This opening is exactly in the range of the fountain in the picture, and, were it not for the fountain, you could see it. As the children looked through this opening they saw a number of people standing by a railing, and looking over, as if they were watching something; so Viola and Arno went through to see.

They saw that what the people were looking at was a small cannon, which was mounted on a stone pedestal, and was pointed up into the air. The cannon was about as big as a boy's arm from the shoulder to the elbow. The people were watching to see this cannon go off.

The curiosity of it was that it was going to be fired by the sun. There was a burning-glass mounted on a frame near the touch-hole, and so adjusted as to throw the focus of heat upon the priming precisely at twelve o'clock, and so fire the cannon. It was near twelve o'clock now, and the people were watching the little brilliant focus of rays as it was slowly moving over the dark, bronze-colored surface of the cannon toward the touch-hole, expecting every moment to see the flash and hear the explosion.

They could not go very near, for the cannon was placed in the

The toy-shop.

The rose-colored balloon.

It gets away.

middle of a little green parterre, which was inclosed within a light iron railing. The pedestal stood at the foot of a marble statue.

Viola was rather afraid of the cannon, but as Arno seemed very anxious to stay, she consented. Pretty soon it went off, and then the children turned to go away.

The next thing that attracted their attention was a small building like a summer-house, which stood near there. It was not a summer-house, however, but a toy-shop. There were windows on all sides of it, and every window was filled with hoops, balls, balloons, kites, velocipedes, and all other such playthings as children might want in coming into the garden to play.

Neither Viola nor Arno wished to buy any of those things, and so they walked on.

After a while they came to a part of the garden where some children were playing with a little balloon. The balloon was of a rose color, and it was a little larger than a man's head. It was a very pretty thing indeed. It was just such a one as they had seen before in the gardens of the Tuileries. The girl held it by a string. She held the end of the string in her hand, and the balloon being kept by it from going entirely away, floated in the air above her head as she walked along.

There were several other children there, and, somehow or other, in passing the end of the string from one to the other, they let it slip, and the balloon got away. This happened just as Viola and Arno came to the place. The girl who owned the balloon was greatly alarmed at seeing it sailing away. She reached out her hands and cried out,

The balloon escapes.

Strange dog.

His management.

“Oh, my balloon! my balloon! save my balloon!”

But there was nothing that any body could do to save it. It went up higher and higher, and at length was carried by the wind away beyond the roofs, and was seen no more.

While Arno was looking at the balloon, he felt somebody touch him, as he thought, from behind. He turned round, and there he saw quite a large dog, with long silken ears and glossy black hair, standing behind him, and looking up into his face. He had just touched Arno with his paw to attract his attention. The truth was, the dog had lost his master some days before, and he had been rambling about the town ever since, and was now very tired and very hungry. He had been thinking that he must have a new master, and he had been for some time trying to find one. The way in which he judged of the people that he saw in the street was chiefly by the scent.

He had been nosing about among the tracks in the Palais Royal all that morning, and coming up behind a great many people, and putting his nose to their legs and heels. Some he did not like at all; and of others that he did like, some turned round upon him so sharply, and ordered him, in so stern a voice, to be gone, that he gave them up at once. While Arno had been looking at the balloon, the dog had come up behind him to examine him and Viola, and he liked the scent very much indeed. There are some people whose scent almost all dogs like. It inspires their confidence and love. Such persons are generally great favorites with dogs. They can do almost any thing with them that they please.

Arno wishes to keep the dog.

Viola's objections.

"Ah! what a noble-looking dog!" said Arno, on looking round.
"How I wish he was mine!"

So saying, Arno stooped down and patted the dog on his head. The dog looked very much pleased, and wagged his tail.

After patting the dog a little more, Arno walked on with Viola, and for some time thought no more of him. They had not gone far, however, before Viola, looking round, saw that the dog was following them.

"Why, Arno," said she, "here is this dog coming right after us."

"I am glad of it," said Arno. "I hope he'll keep with us all the time till we get home; then I will have him for mine."

"Oh no," said Viola; "he is some dog that has got a master, and he ought to go home. It would not be right for us to entice him away."

"I am not going to entice him away," said Arno; "but, if he is of a mind to follow us of his own accord, he may. That won't be my fault."

"Yes," said Viola; "I think we ought to send him home. You had better speak to him, and tell him to go home."

So Arno, who was always accustomed to obey Viola very implicitly, turned round to the dog, and told him that he must go home.

The dog retreated a few steps, and then stood still, gazing up into Arno's face with an expression of great astonishment on his countenance.

"Now," said Viola, "we will walk right on as fast as we can,

The dog will not go away.Viola attempts to scold him.

and not take any notice of him, and pretty soon he will leave us and go away."

This plan, though, on the whole, it was the best one that the children could adopt, did not succeed. After walking down the whole length of one of the colonnades, and passing through and among great multitudes of people, Viola at length looked back, and saw that the dog was following them still.

"We *can't* send him away," said Arno.

"The reason is, you don't speak sharp enough to him," said Viola. "He knows very well that you are not in earnest. You must give him a real scolding."

"But, Viola," said Arno, "how can you scold such a dog as that? Just look at his face. He looks so sorrowful because he has not got any master. I verily believe that he has not got any master, and that is the reason why he wants to go home with me. Besides, I don't believe but that he is hungry."

"I'll scold him away myself," said Viola; and, so saying, she stamped her foot, and with a very stern voice, and a look as severe as she could assume, she ordered the dog to go home.

But whether it was that Viola was unable to scold efficiently, or that, being interested chiefly in Arno, the dog was disposed to pay little regard to any demonstrations that she might make, this experiment failed as the other had done. When they walked on the dog followed them, and he went with them to the stall. Here Viola consented that Arno might feed him. Arno did so; and, from that time, the dog and Arno were firm and acknowledged friends.

What the children finally conclude to do.

Viola stipulated with Arno, however, that he must not take the dog home, but must keep him at the stall.

“If we take him home,” said she, “and the owner should ever come and find him there, he will think that we stole him ; so we will make him stay at the stall. That is a public place, and the owner may perhaps see him when he is passing by some day. He shall stay outside of the stall all day, and shall keep watch there while we are gone to dinner. You can bring him his dinner when you come back. Then, in the night, we will shut him up inside.”

“He will be lonesome,” said Arno.

“Oh no,” said Viola. “They always shut up dogs alone in their kennels, and they don’t mind it at all. Besides, he will be all the more glad to see us when we come in the morning.”

Royal gets settled.How he kept watch at night.

CHAPTER X.

CONCLUSION.

ALTHOUGH the children required Royal, as they called him, to live most of the time at the stall, yet they sometimes allowed him to go with them to their lodging, just to make a little visit. Thus Royal knew very well where the children lived, and before he had gone back and forth three times, he knew the way as well as the children did.

Generally, however, he remained at the stall. In the night he was locked up inside, and there he used to lie down on the floor and sleep soundly until morning, except that for two hours after one o'clock in the morning, when it was usually pretty still in the street, he used to lie awake sometimes and listen, as if he thought that that was the time for thieves.

In the early part of the night, when, as is usual in Paris, the streets were thronged with people going to and fro as in the daytime, he always slept soundly. Nothing disturbed him. But, when afterward the streets became still, then, if by chance he heard a solitary footstep coming along the sidewalk, or crossing the bridge, he would lift his head, and prick up his ears and listen, wondering whether or not that man might be a thief. Then, when finally the sound of the footsteps died away in the distance, he would conclude that all was right, and would lay down his head and go to sleep again.

How the children fastened him.He leads Arno home.

In the daytime, when the children went away to dinner, they would leave Royal at the stall. There was a collar round his neck, a second-hand one, which an old woman who kept a little stand for selling old iron and such things gave to Arno, and a little staple in the under side of it. Arno had a cord which he used to pass through this staple, and then draw it to the end, where it was kept from passing through by a knot. The other end, when he wished to confine the dog, was fastened to a little staple which was driven into the front side of the stall.

While Viola shut and locked the stall, Arno was employed in "attaching" the dog, as he called it; that is, provided that the dog had been free before. But generally they kept him attached in that manner all the morning, and he would lie down in the front of the stall, and amuse himself by watching the people as they passed by over the bridge.

Whenever they concluded to take Royal home with them for one of his visits, then Arno, immediately after locking the door of the stall, would unfasten the end of Royal's cord, that is, the end that was fastened to the stall, and then, keeping the end of the cord in his hand, he would walk along while Royal went before him, leading him, as it were, by the string, as if Arno had been a blind man.

"That is the way that he would lead father home," said Arno, "if father were only here."

"Ah! yes," said Viola; "and how I wish he was here."

Things went on in this way for nearly a fortnight. All this

Pierre sends another messenger.His determination.

time Pierre had been gradually getting better. He sent a second time to the house where he had lodged before he had been hurt, but could get no satisfactory information about the children.

“Very well,” said he, when the messenger returned, “then I must wait until I get well enough to go and look for them myself.”

“And now old Peter,” he said, addressing himself, “there are two things, either of which you can do. You can worry about your children, and keep yourself back about getting well, and so leave them alone in the world three or four days or a week longer, or you can keep a quiet mind and a merry heart, and so go and find them all the sooner. Which, now, do you think is the most sensible thing for you to do? Hey! old Peter.”

After saying this, and without waiting for old Peter’s answer, he shut his eyes, and, as he had done before, whispered an earnest prayer to Almighty God, beseeching Him to watch over the helpless babes, and keep them from all harm while they were left alone. Then he turned over in his bed and went to sleep.

After this he got well very fast. In a week he could sit up. In ten days he could walk about a little. In a fortnight he was dismissed from the hospital as cured.

Still he was weak, and it was not safe for him to walk through the streets alone. Accordingly, as soon as he came out of the hospital, he tried to find a commissioner at the corner of the street to guide him and help him. But he could not find one.

“Never mind,” said he to himself, “I can go alone.”

So he groped his way along the sidewalk, rapping before him

Pierre is liberated.His observations in the streets.

as he went with his cane, in order to give warning to the people that a blind man was coming. He was as happy as a king. He listened to the well-known sounds of the streets, and knew from them every thing which was passing. First he heard an omnibus go by. It stopped to let out a passenger. A few steps farther on it stopped again, and took in two passengers for the inside and one for the top. Pierre knew by the sound of the little bells which are struck in the French omnibuses when passengers get in. Then a private carriage went by.

"Two horses," said Pierre to himself, "and nice horses too. And here comes the lemonade man. I wish I was thirsty, I'd stop and get a drink of lemonade. There's a horseman coming! He's an officer of cavalry. I can hear the tinkling of his trappings. Ah!" he added, in a tone of great satisfaction, "how pleasant it is to be out in the world again where you can see what is going on!"

Amusing himself in this way by the sounds that he heard in the street, Pierre pursued his course until he came to his old lodging. He walked in, and stopped before the little window of the concierge's lodge. A strange voice from within asked him what he desired.

"Ah!" said Pierre, "has the concierge of this house been changed?"

"Yes," replied the strange voice, "the old concierge went away a week ago."

"Ah me!" said Pierre, "I am sorry to hear that. I used to lodge in this house, and I left my children here. I got hurt, and

Pierre's interview with the new concierge.

went to the hospital. And you can not tell me any thing about them?"

"No," said the man, "I am very sorry that I can not. But come in, and sit down and rest yourself. You look weak and tired."

So Pierre went into the lodge, and sat down to rest himself. Here he learned that the old concierge had been dismissed from his place on account of the complaints made by the lodgers of his incivility to them and to the people who came to see them, and this new concierge had been appointed in his place.

After remaining a little while, Pierre bade the new concierge good-by, and set out to go to the stall.

He found his way very easily. He arrived at the stall about twelve o'clock. The children had gone home to dinner. They had locked the stall, and had left Royal lying down before it, attached by his cord to the little staple.

Pierre came walking along on the margin of the sidewalk toward the stall, rapping, as he came, with his cane. When he arrived at the corner he felt for the stall. At the same moment Royal rose to receive him. He put his nose to Pierre's knees, and seemed at once to come to the conclusion that the blind man was a friend, if not a relative of Viola and Arno. Whether he had observed that the children had no grown person with them, and, now that Pierre had come, suspected, from the analogy of the scent, that he was their father, I can not say. At all events, he received Pierre very kindly, and wagged his tail.

"Ah!" said Pierre, "all right so far. Here is the stall, and

Pierre goes to the stall.

He introduces himself to Royal.

here is a dog to guard it. This shows that the old stand is not abandoned. I am glad they have got a dog. I wonder what sort of a dog he is."

So Pierre stooped down, and began to examine the dog by feeling. The dog, at the same time, was busy examining Pierre by smelling. Both examinations seemed to be entirely satisfactory. Pierre found the cord by which Royal was attached, and examined all the fastenings.

"Yes," said Pierre, "you'll do. It seems they have left you here to keep watch while they went to dinner."

So saying, Pierre took his key out of his pocket, and proceeded to unlock the door of the stall. Royal appeared at first to have some doubts whether it was consistent with his duties as a watch to allow of this; but when he saw that Pierre had a regular key, and having, moreover, also before made up his mind that in some way or other Pierre must belong to the family, he concluded to make no objection, but to let the blind man do as he pleased.

Pierre, after unlocking the door, went in and took his seat upon the bench.

"Ah!" said he to himself, in a tone of great satisfaction, as he took his seat, "this is really like good old times."

Royal stood up at the open door looking, while Pierre was sitting there.

Pierre remained a few minutes on the seat to rest himself from his walk. Royal came a little nearer and laid his nose on Pierre's knee.

"Yes, Looloo," said he, patting Royal on the head, "yes, it is

Progress of the acquaintance between Pierre and Royal.

all right. They have left you here to watch, and you know who it will do to let in. You know who's who, I see. And now I wonder if you can't lead me right home to where the children are living?"

So saying, Pierre rose from his place and came out of the stall. He locked the door just as Viola had been accustomed to do, and put the key in his pocket. Royal watched all his motions with very close attention.

"Now, Looloo," said Pierre, "I'll take hold of the end of your cord, and see if you can find the way home."

So he unfastened the end of the cord that was attached to the stall, just as Arno was accustomed to do when he was going to allow Royal to go home with him. He held the end of the cord in his hand, saying,

"Now, Looloo, we'll go home."

Royal set off immediately, and took the road toward the house where the children lived. Pierre followed him, holding the string. When they arrived at the house, Royal led the way in. He was intending to go directly up stairs; but, when he got opposite the little window of the concierge's lodge, Pierre's attention was arrested by a long-drawn exclamation, uttered in a tone of joyful surprise, thus:

"Ah—h—h—h!"

Pierre stopped.

"You are the father of my young children up stairs," said the voice of the concierge, from within the lodge. "They have been looking for you, nights and mornings, this long time. And here

Royal acts as guide.Pierre arrives at the children's lodging.

you are come at last! And to think of Royal's bringing you here!"

"Is his name Royal?" asked Pierre.

"That's what the children call him," said the concierge. "But wait a moment, and I'll come and show you the way up to the children's apartment."

"Ah! never mind," replied Pierre; "Royal can find the way, I think."

"Yes," said the concierge, "Royal knows the way."

Accordingly, Pierre allowed Royal to go on, and he followed him up stairs. Pierre walked softly at last, so that the children should not hear his steps upon the stairs. When, at last, Royal stopped at the door, Pierre knocked, and then listened to hear whether it was the voice of one of the children that should answer. He immediately heard Viola's voice calling to him to come in.

He opened the door, and let go the string, stepping himself immediately to one side.

Royal sprang in through the open door, and began leaping upon the children to express his gladness. Then looking round, and seeing that Pierre had not followed him, he ran back into the entry, and immediately came bounding into the room again.

"Why, how he acts!" said Arno. Arno and Viola were at the time sitting at the table eating their dinner. "How he acts! How do you suppose he got loose? And who would have thought that he could have knocked at the door? He must have done it by wagging his tail against it."

But while Arno, who still remained at the table eating his din-

The surprise.

Pierre's opinion of the closet kitchen.

Repose.

ner, was indulging in these speculations, Viola, who had not so much faith in Royal's power of knocking at a door with his tail, went to look out in the entry to see if there was not somebody there. Of course, she found her father.

It would be difficult to describe the joy that was felt by both parties at this unexpected meeting. Viola and Arno brought their father in and placed him in a chair, and then, seeing that he was weak and pale, and that he was fatigued by his walk, they forbore to ask him many questions, but persuaded him to lie down on the bed and go to sleep a little while.

"While you are asleep," said Viola, "I will get you some dinner. I will make you a cup of tea. I can make it in our little closet kitchen."

So saying, Viola opened the door of the closet kitchen and let her father look in. He said it was the most cunning little kitchen that he ever saw, and he should like a cup of tea from it very much indeed.

So he lay down upon the bed, shut his eyes, and for half an hour he seemed to be asleep; but whether he was really asleep or only making believe, I can not say. I have some reason for suspecting that he was listening slyly all the time to the movements that Viola and Arno made, and that he would have peeped out a little, now and then, between his eyelids, to watch them in their operations, if he had been able to see.

However this may be, he had a good rest, and he seemed to awake just in the right time to eat his dinner and drink his tea, as soon as the repast was ready.

Conclusion of the story.

After this Pierre continued to live in peace and prosperity with his children for some years, and at length, when they grew old enough, he contrived to get an excellent situation for Arno at the banker's where he kept his money. He then sold his stall at a profit, and he and Viola lived at home. Arno came home every night. Viola learned the art of what is called *illumination*—that is, the coloring of engravings and lithographs. She used to do this work at home; and her father, who used to sit by her side while she did it, though he could not see the pictures, took great pleasure in hearing her describe them. You see a representation of this scene in the Frontispiece.

In the end, Viola married a thriving printseller, and now, with her husband, keeps one of the prettiest shops in the gallery of the Palais Royal.

THE END.

Abbott

JIF

